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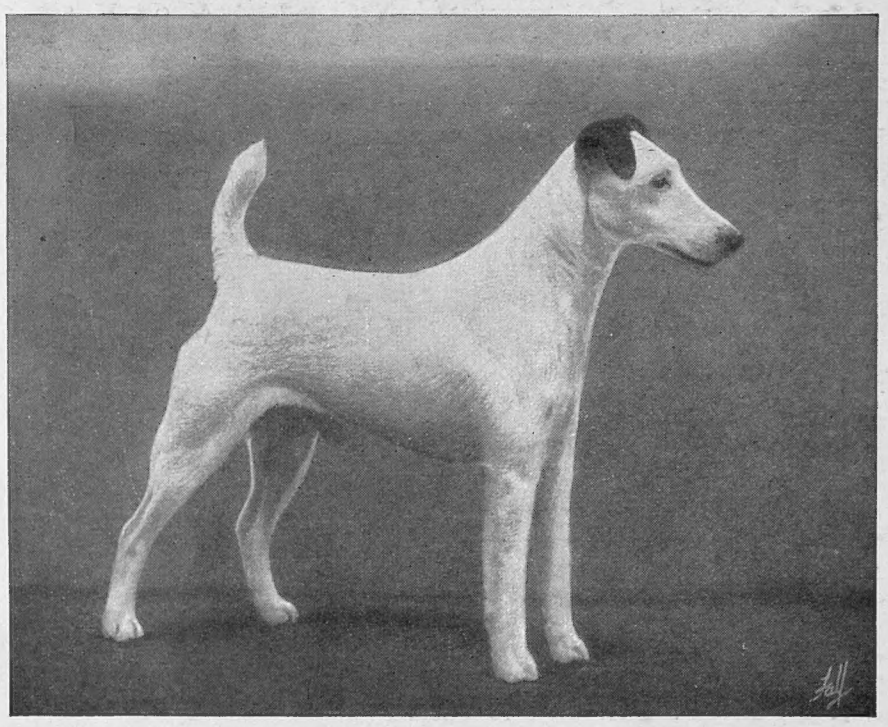

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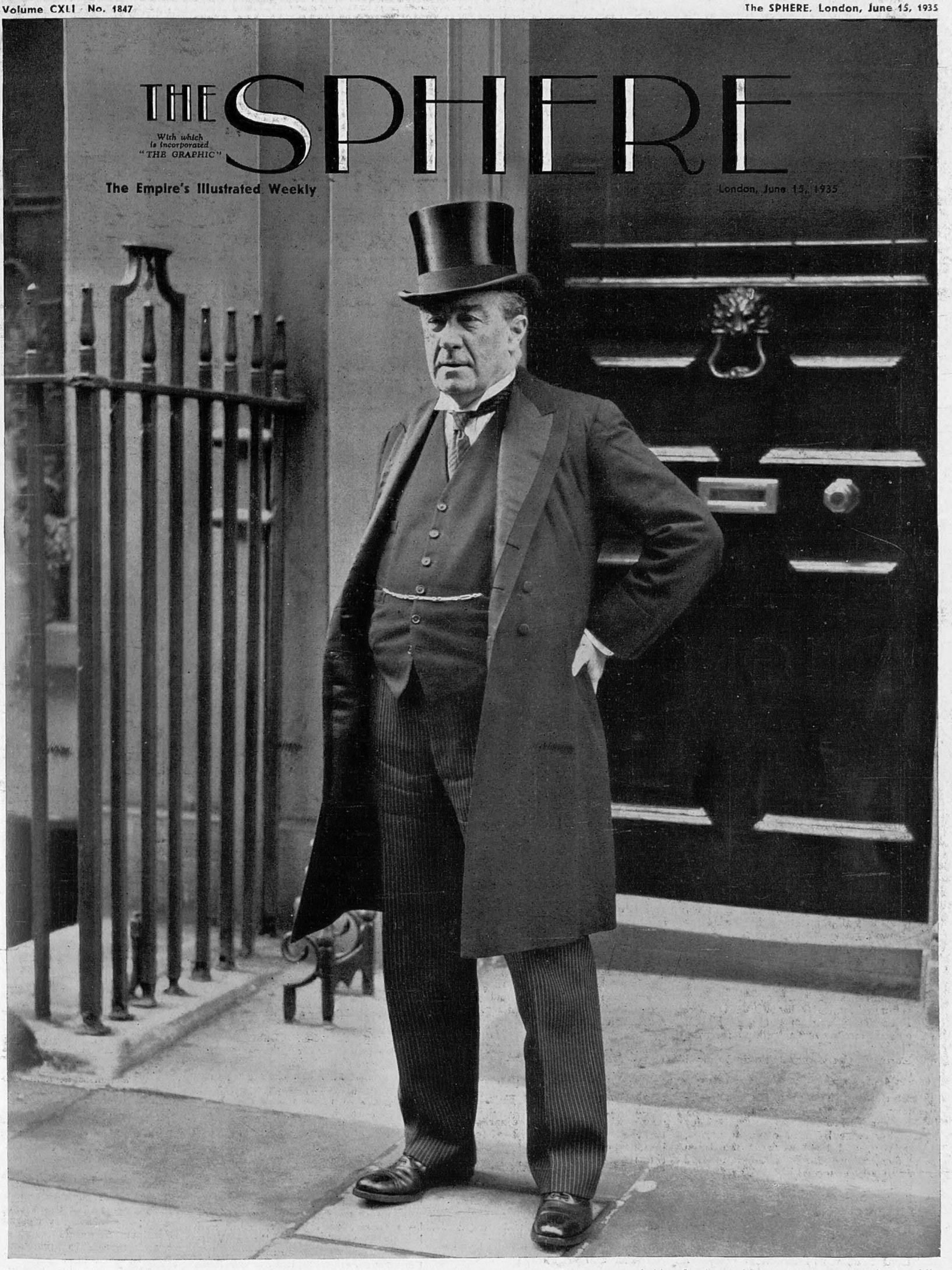

PRIME MINISTER for the THIRD TIME:

Mr. Stanley Baldwin

The career of Mr. Stanley Baldwin who, on Mr. MacDonald's retirement, has taken over the leadership of the National Government has been one of steady progression. He was almost unknown politically in 1916 when Mr. Bonar Law made him Parliamentary Secretary, from which time he served the Coalition Government as Lord of the Treasury, President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1923 as Prime Minister. His first Premiership lasted only eight months, but in 1924 he was again in the saddle, and remained at the head of affairs for nearly five years. Perhaps his greatest and most widely-commended achievement was the handling of the General Strike in 1926. At the crisis in 1931, Mr. Baldwin was one of the party leaders who joined together to form the National Government under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and played a considerable part in restoring the country to financial prosperity

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A ROYAL STRETCH OF RIVER: The Port of London Authority announce that the unnamed reach of the Thames between Westminster and London Bridges is to be called King's Reach, in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee. This name of this Royal Reach will be added on maps of the Thames to a number of other designations, such as Limehouse Reach, Greenwich Reach, and Bugsby's Reach. Who Bugsby was that he should have given a name to the river we have not been able to discover. But Gallions Reach is the most stimulating in historic flavour of all the sections of the river on its way to the Nore

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 12, 1935.

THE NEW CABINET.—There were few surprises in the announcements of Mr. Baldwin's Government. Although these secrets were said to be locked in Mr. Baldwin's heart, the Intelligence Department of the Press and the industry of club gossips found keys to fit the lock, and practically every inspired forecast was found to be correct. Does this imply that public opinion under democratic government not only makes laws but Cabinet Ministers also? If that be so, it follows that the man in the street knows pretty soon the merits of the Ministers of the hour, and can accurately forecast promotions and strategical moves, and can estimate where the process known as "kicking upstairs" should be employed. A salutary fact, if fact it be. Mr. Eden is young and his time will come. He has made brilliant progress already. He has proved himself at the European Conference table an inspired composer of differences, and years and further experience will equip him for all the functions of a Foreign Secretary. Sir Samuel Hoare undoubtedly has earned the right to be selected for higher office by infinite patience, zeal, suavity, and hard work at the India Office, where Lord Zetland is well qualified to succeed him. The shadow of India has fallen over the refashioning of the Cabinet, as it fell over Ministers and private members during the last years. Some of them became obsessed with the Indian question to the detriment of their appointed tasks. Lord Sankey will doubtless receive a higher step in the peerage, Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir John Gilmour peerages in due course. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is promoted as anticipated and, as his health improves, will unquestionably adorn his new office. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Elliot proved immovable; Mr. Chamberlain is a round peg in a round hole, and Mr. Ormsby Gore is a first-rate First Commissioner of Works. Lord Halifax is welcomed by the permanent officials of any department. Very few War Ministers "look the part" at first sight. Those who appeared least congenially employed in that sphere have frequently proved the best ministers. But it is always a little mysterious how experience appears to be scrapped in effecting Government reshufflings. No one expected Mr. Hore-Belisha to abandon his half-won goal. He has before him a record in sight—to be the first Transport Minister to carry through a constructive plan, boldly and clearly conceived. Major Tryon at last tears himself away from the Pensions Ministry with which he has so long been identified, and Lord Eustace Percy returns to the Cabinet without a portfolio. Mr. Stanley gets another move and Mr. Ernest Brown takes his place as Labour Minister. In point of fact, thanks to the fact that the all-seeing eye of Democracy suffers no secrets, even for an hour, two major "sensations"—the Honours List and the Cabinet reconstruction—petered out in a bathos of common knowledge officially confirmed. Again, very salutary. The fewer secrets the better.

LORD BYNG.—As soldier, administrator, and head of the police, everything has already been said of Lord Byng of Vimy, a man greatly admired and greatly loved. Scores of people who might not ordinarily have had the chance were privileged to know him, at least to talk to him, owing to the natural simplicity and essential friendliness of his nature. He liked well to pick up a stranger, however young and humble, and discuss with him all manner of things below the surface of commonplace. Thus I had one or two walks and talks with him in London and learned to admire his character and store away memories of his charm of manner and reap a little harvest from his deep and fine philosophy. Like all great men and gentlemen, he was utterly simple, and humble, and friendly without a trace of class consciousness. He had a hatred of shams and rigid convention, of pose and pride. He put the shy and the young instantly at their ease and stimulated conversation on philosophic and spiritual questions. He had a fine sense of humour which he exercised on pretentiousness in high places. Small wonder that Canada loved him and that young men loved him and that diffident and humble folk loved him. And small wonder, if during the latter part of his regime at Scotland Yard, he detested the performance of some of the reforms and other measures which had become inevitable.

THE WEEK'S GLUT OF NEWS.—An important reshuffling of Government portfolios coinciding with a very special Birthday Honours List and falling during Derby week and on the eve of the Whitsun holidays left the journalist embarrassed with the wealth of news-items and drunk with the heady wine of red-hot commentary. Normally Derby week with its chief fixture and its attendant dinners and balls, its national pilgrimage to the shrine of racing, its speculation fever and the human stories which are to be secured from the lucky winners of big money, are all and more than a journalist desires. The Derby and its satellites usually fill the newspaper columns to repletion for a full week. But the Cabinet changes called for six columns in a major newspaper at the least. The biographies of the risen and fallen stars are good for thousands of words, while the record of services of those whom the King delighted to honour with peerages, baronetages, knighthoods, privy councillorships, and with major and minor grades in the orders of chivalry and merit, easily provide copy for a week of journalism. Add the "Fourth of June," in itself an abounding source for the fashionable writer, the coaching season's opening, the rising fever of lawn tennis, golf, cricket, polo, and horse-talk, the "trooping" and Whitsun holiday weather and scenes, and the embarrassment of the conscientious journalist will be appreciated and deeply deplored by his sympathetic tyrants and masters, the reading public.

WORLD CHAMPION OF LAWN TENNIS.—Perry can fairly describe himself for an hour as the champion of the world at lawn tennis. He holds the quadruple crown of British, French, American, and Belgian honours. It is Britain's hour in this game of British origin and this is not the less satisfactory because that hour is already menaced by the protagonists of the coming championships of Wimbledon. France, Australia, and America have all had their days, and in their heydays appeared impregnably secure. But few sciences are less exact than the science of lawn tennis; results are never certain: there is no such thing as a foregone conclusion or a championship ascendancy in this game of greased lightning in which success depends so largely on the physical and nervous condition of the moment. If Perry can pull through Wimbledon with credit, the great decision which has harassed him may be more easily made. That would be a grand moment to fade out from amateur lawn tennis and a shrewd moment to begin to cash his great talent and to lay the foundations of financial independence against the inevitable day when his powers begin to fail. Amateur lawn tennis being what it is, few could cavil at so sensible a decision.

THE FINAL JUBILEE DRIVE, when [illegible] Majesties at Kensington Town H[all] by

THE LETTER H.—The knighthood conferred on Seymour Hicks revived a time-honoured theory that there is no letter in the alphabet so fruitful in luck and in merit. Thus Seymour Hicks follows Hare, Hawtrey, Martin-Harvey, and Hardwicke in the list of knights of the buskin, and if Christian names tell anything, Herbert Tree and Henry Irving and Henry Lytton practically prove the case for the letter H. Ever since my boyhood I used to draw up All-England XIs of cricketers whose surnames began with an H. From Hayward, Hirst, Haigh, Huish, Hill, etc., down to Hobbs, Hardstaff, Hendren, Hearne, etc., one could always draw up a super-team of Hs. In every field you can offer a team of supermen in H, be it in literature, the arts, politics, or what not. It always seemed to me extraordinarily crass of Londoners so long to continue to drop their aitches when so much of luck depended on their retention, and it was interesting to observe how, when the practice began to grow less as "cockney" died out, the luck of Londoners in the monster "sweeps" began to give occasions for big headlines. There is no such thing as Hard-luck unless you persist in pronouncing it 'Ard-luck. All my life I have missed good fortune by a single letter.

OXFORD'S FUTURE.—It is a piquant paradox, if you come to think of it, that the "home of lost causes" should be identified so closely with one of the most complete and brilliant achievements of science and industry in the history of our own times; that the ministered impartially and with equal energy, skill and good taste to her bodily and spiritual needs. He gave her young men and working men hope, inspiration, and work, and in every stage in his extraordinary progress he studied to preserve the glories, the peace, the traditions, and the beauty of Oxford's soul. Industrial development and ancient traditions have often proved ill-bedfellows in our day but Lord Nuffield has been found a tactful and rare "mine-host."

THE O.P.T.—And secondly there is the Oxford Preservation Trust. It has been praised enough, but not over-praised, for truth to tell, it is the very model of what such a body should be. There are many imitators and all do some good work; but very few are composed of so rare a recipe. All the essentials are on the board. The University, the town, and the country interests; scholarship, industry, agriculture; taste, energy, and tact; drive and diplomacy; shrewdness, sentiment, and common-sense; a sense of the past joining hands with vision and practicality. As Oxford has grown and commercialised, so has she (under the most jealous eyes of her worshippers) increased in beauty. It is a phenomenon almost unique. Her approaches are in a fair way to become more and not less beautiful than at the end of last century. Much that was mean and ugly has given place to space, grace, dignity, and beauty. There are new buildings in Oxford which bear comparison with the glories of medieval architecture. Modern Oxford has dared and undertaken clearance schemes which her fathers could not and would not achieve. It has been proved that the miracle can be accomplished and that progress need not be vandalism. It is not to be denied that the engine which young Mr. Morris's genius helped to perfect, has created in Oxford a serious traffic problem, but not an insuperable one. The by-pass roads and the circular are ever being pressed forward to completion, and in time Oxford may again become a city of comparative peace. To take care of an ancient city, body and soul, demands supermen in every department of catering.

THE MILK MARKETING BOARD.—The Milk Marketing Board may be called one of the most important non-Government socialistic schemes ever put into practice in this country. Its officials were recruited not from the Government service but from industry, and they are remunerated on a scale which consorts with the dignity and assumed importance of their office. Every farmer who owns four cows or more is compelled to contribute to the levy from which its revenues are derived, on a *per capita* or gallon ratio basis. At the moment of writing milk is graded under five or (is it?) six grades, the latest being labelled "accredited." This elaborate grading may be a rather confusing prelude to improved and simplified methods in the marketing of milk. At the moment I gather that many farmers are scratching their heads and wondering what material benefit they are deriving from a scheme for which admittedly they voted by a large majority vote. When the question of the continuance of the Board's activities comes up, there is bound to be a strong opinion among farmers that the scheme has proved one of those costly experiments of Socialism which keep down or harass the efficient in order to save from himself the incompetent member of the farmer fraternity. A glance at the Board's income and expenditure account affords some striking figures. Salaries and wages work out at £126,000 a year. Printing and stationery costs £26,000 a year. One of the items under this last heading is presumably the "official organ" of the Board, *The Home Farmer*. Among a dozen fine farming journals it does not appear to be an outstanding publication or even a necessary. There is a page of chit-chat including references to country weddings. A very ordinary little publication which in itself is a trifling return on the money levied.

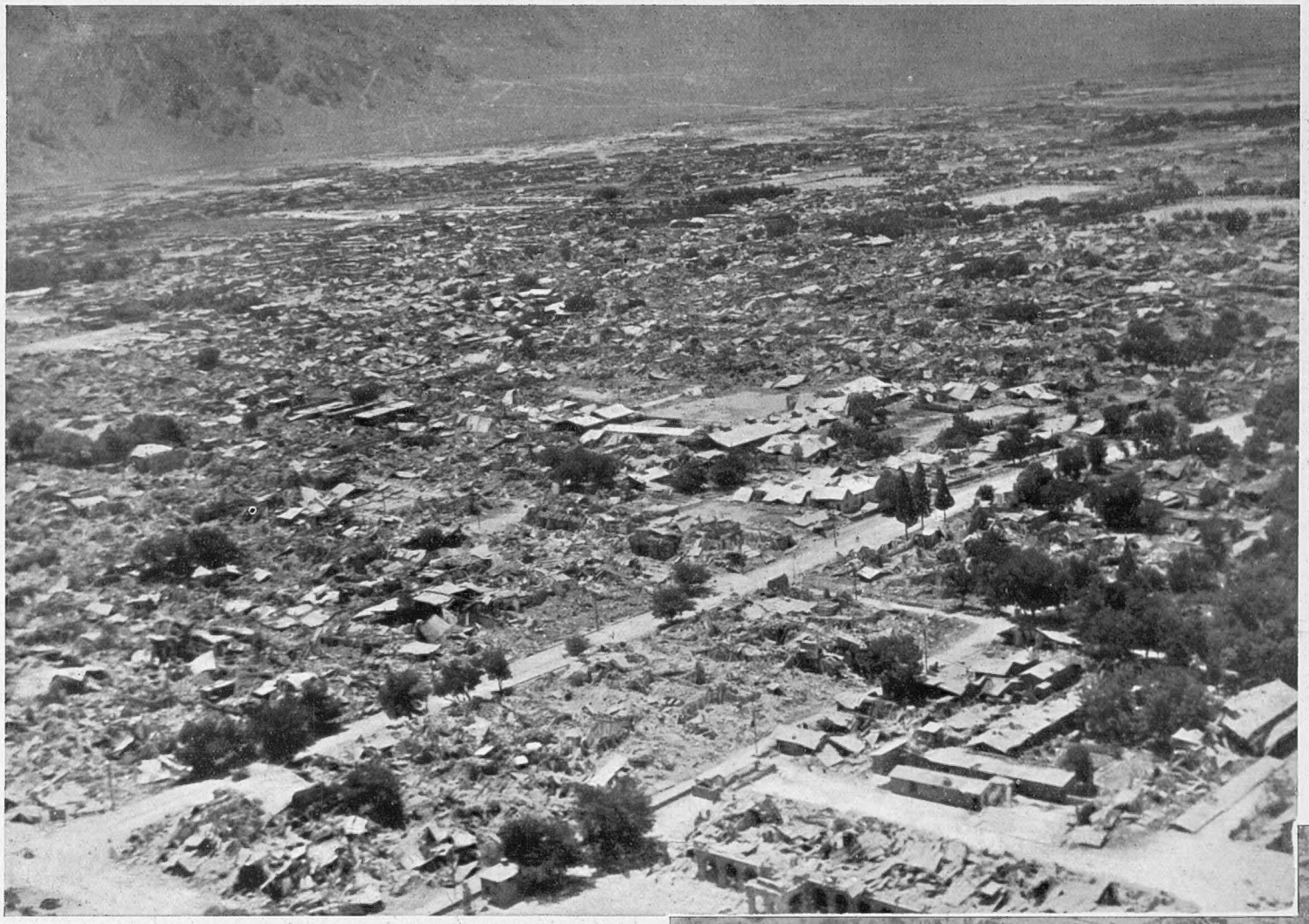
THE OLD STAGER

Mayors of the West London Boroughs were introduced to their by Sir John Simon, whose first task this was in his new capacity of Home Secretary

THE NEW PREMIER, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, made his first speech at a summer outdoor meeting of the National Government Propaganda Scheme. He is here seen at Himley Hall with Mrs. Baldwin and (*right*) Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., the new Minister of Labour

EX OFFICIO: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the midst of his family at Lossiemouth, whence he retired for a holiday after handing over the Premiership to Mr. Baldwin. Mr. MacDonald will return to the Cabinet as Lord President of the Council together with his son, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (*on the left*), who is the new Secretary of State for the Colonies

"city of dreaming spires," so long and sometimes rather contemptuously spoken of as a backwater and a dead city, is to-day acknowledged on all hands as a great and ever-growing industrial centre. Those of us who delight to claim Oxford as our *Alma Mater* gloried in our lost causes and thanked God for the peace and shadows of the backwater. We loved to know that, in the racket of life and the mill-race of constant change, somewhere there remained, set back and uninfluenced by the swiftly-moving stream, an ancient haunt of peace where the traditions of the past were still preserved and venerated. We might be expected then to tremble at the energies and dazzling successes of that young son of Oxford (with whom we had pleasant dealings in our undergraduate days when bicycling was first fashionable). But curiously enough we have never felt anxious. And for two good reasons. Firstly, Lord Nuffield has proved a true son of Oxford, in that he has



TO BE SEALED FOR A YEAR: All further attempts to excavate bodies or personal property are forbidden by the military authorities acting on medical advice. The health of the whole community would be threatened were the salvage work continued under the present conditions

THE ODOUR OF A BATTLEFIELD pervades Quetta, as anticipated by the authorities who have completely cleared the city and are debating the possibility of ever re-opening the sealed streets

"A CITY WHOSE DEAD OUTNUMBERED ITS LIVING" is an impressive description of Quetta except for British and Indian sentries, who are guarding the streets in respirators, and a pa tribes. "I tried to forget one of the saddest sights I have ever seen—an animated Orient has been completely demolished, while in the centre a quadrangular group of buildings appear

CLOSED CITY of DEATH: QUETTA the STRICKEN

GONE AS EVERYTHING HAS GONE: Here in Quetta there is nothing to pick out," reports *The Times* special correspondent. The mosque, the market place, the bank are there is nothing "to show where men forgathered but a widespread mass of grey and tawny debris tapering off into the dun landscape, and beyond which in turn there is a rim of forlorn and sad hills where no trees grow." It will be noticed that only a solitary figure appears in the view. All clearance work has ceased

The Times correspondent after a moonlit tour of the deserted city. At noon on June 4 it was announced that there was not one living soul to be found in that huge sepulchre of white rabbits and a Muscovy duck, who strangely escaped from death. Barbed-wire entanglements surround the city, protecting the property of survivors from raids by neighbouring bazaar transformed in a few seconds into a graveyard." In the two air pictures given above the terrific amount of destruction is evident. In the lower view the area to the left to have escaped material damage. Tall lamp standards remain erect, while adjacent buildings have crumbled into inchoate piles. Silence was already reigning in the streets when these pictures were taken

WHOSE BOOT WAS THIS?

FRONTIER FRICTION : A Dutch-Belgian Sidelight

In this Sea-weed Girt Island, free from the Trouble of Land Frontiers, it is not easy to Realise what a Danger to Peace these Barbed Wire Fences with their Striped Posts and Pacing Sentries are Liable to be. Here we get a Glimpse of the International Troubles which may Arise through Smuggling from one Side to the other ; this Case fortunately has its Obvious Humours

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BAERLE - DUC breathes again. It has received a reassuring letter from the Foreign Minister. The bells have been ringing—literally. The spick-and-span, brightly-painted commune—reminiscent of White Horse Inn scenery, minus the mountain—is not to be ceded to the outlander. After anxious days the menfolk wink and lift their orange-bitter, buxom Fraus beam from their gateways, and children skip along Singel, even to school.

And what may all this mean ?

Come, quit tiresome crisis-Europe for a minute, and take a breath of something different.

Antwerp. One takes the autobus eastward through the Campine, endless, mysterious region of great pinewoods, dotted here and there but rarely by the red roof of cottage or villa retreat. One employs the overworked "mysterious" because (a) this is the hidden country *par excellence* across which furtively passes so much of Belgium's current and astonishing smuggling into Holland, with a measure proceding in the opposite direction ; (b) hereabouts, along through these woods, was traced a vital section of the frontier-wire that in 1914–18 electrocuted all who were unhappy enough to come into contact with it when the Germans had switched on the current, chiefly in the night hours.

Turnhout ; change cars for Breda, Holland. A few kilometres on, and that curious feel of an approaching frontier manifests itself ; uniformed gentlemen on horseback, stationary lorries, their drivers partaking in wayside estaminets, poles, and signposts in the national colours, cars slowing up, Customs men carrying leather satchels. "Buy in Belgium. It's Cheaper," proclaims a little general store.

Zoll ! The blue and white of the Dutch Customs mingling with Belgium's khaki.

But this is going to be no ordinary frontier crossing. Two miles farther on commences the prettiest little comedy to be found in contemporary Europe. And it has recently passed into diplomacy.

Baerle-Duc, my destination, is a tiny Belgian islet, or enclave, just over the border in Dutch territory. Its 1,500 Belgian subjects find themselves surrounded by Holland. Now, enclaves are always amusing, such funny things can happen in them, but this one beats the band. For instance, take Llivia. I don't know if anybody knows Llivia—she's not a piece of "I, Claudius," just a perfectly straightforward enclave up in the Pyrenees, to be exact, 6,000 ft. up, on the plain of the Cerdagne, midway between Mont Louis, highest town in France, and the Spanish frontier at Puigcerda. Llivia is a well-conducted enclave ; that is to say, you walk out of France, and you walk into Spain (Llivia), and then you walk on into France again, and so on into Spain proper.

But Baerle-Duc ! Enclaves are always old. Llivia derives from a 700-years-old whim of a Comte de Foix, so it is said. The good Abbé van den Broek insists that Baerle-Duc has been in its present island shape for over 500 years. Possibly ; what matters is that the whim in this case must have been gin-induced, for Baerle-Duc is just the dizziest enclave. Passing along its main street, the homing roysterer can and no doubt does lurch from one country to another and back again, which simply means from one side of the road to the other. Visualise it this way :

Take a two-square-mile plot and pop it down in Holland. Sprinkle freely with pieces of Belgium. To wit, with over thirty different pieces of Belgium. That is what it amounts to. The craziest mosaic of territory conceivable. How it happened, heaven knows ; but it's there. Here's a house in one country, and plumb next door that cottage there is in another ! And so it goes on, right and left. Nor am I stretching the long bow when I relate that the Belgian mayor can and does point to his garden and mention that there are two pieces of Holland in it.

Having no gear, I decided to stroll the final two two miles into the bi-national freak ahead, which seemed to have the freckles, or something, so badly. The frontier people merely looked suspicious, but suspicion nowadays on the Continent is the most normal thing ; one would feel almost slighted without it. Actually, when doing something odd, I find it helps to walk perfectly normally, as in Piccadilly. The English have a walk of their own—at least so I have always found it—the most distinct thing about them. And the English are usually left alone, out of a mingling of esteem and a certain anxiety.

Funny little thoughts came as I walked ahead ; of wireless, and the war, and Nurse Cavell.

Zoll ! But let us get through with "Zoll," because it was "Zoll" Belgian or Dutch on and off for the rest of the day. They do not stop and examine you, but there they are, patrolling up and down in their mosaic town. A prim little place of snug, brightly-hued cottages, very clean, in the Dutch way ; and straggling "agglomerations" all about, as far as one can see over the even fields. Did I say, "prim little place ?" This puzzle isn't half over yet. We are inside the enclave, you follow ; well, Belgian Baerle-Duc has a Siamese twin slung on to it in Dutch Baarle-Nassau. The two are aligned along the same highway, Singel. The result is that this sort of thing happens :

You enter an estaminet and call for a bock. To your surprise you find spirits being consumed at an adjacent table. The public consumption of spirits is forbidden in Belgium. Belgium ! Pooh ! you're in Holland. Not that it would matter, anyway, because the Brussels Government has made a hard liquor concession in favour of Baerle-Duc—it couldn't very well have done otherwise with one side of the street Belgian and the other side Dutch.

I bought a Dutch cigar at the counter—you can get the best of both worlds on Singel, though you do get a bit mixed up over the exchange—and lightly threw off, in German, that I understood there had been some bother lately over the Dutch demanding the cession of the enclave on account of excessive smuggling consequent on the Belgian devaluation.

The word "smuggling" promoted a weighty silence. Finally, came gutturally from a corner, "The person you want to see is Dr. Govaerts. He will tell you all you want to know. Dr. Govaerts, the mayor. Mind you go to the right one, for there are two. (Pause). *Kom !* Come with me."

Out on Singel, and in answer to my stuttering :

"Ya, Ya, Ya, there's two of everything here. Two churches, two post offices, two banks, two police stations, two communal houses—that's where you'll find Doctor Govaerts—two tax collectors, two schools, two lawyers. Here it is ! Tag !" Very abrupt, these Low Countrymen can be.

Doctor Govaerts, Belgian Burgomaster, proved more communicative.

"It is true that our friends have tried to annex us and that we have been most worried, for we are passionately, resolutely Belgian. They tried to do the same in 1848, 1865, 1876, 1892, 1919, so you see we are getting used to it. But this time it was more serious. The Dutch say that the work of administration here is impossible and that we are a hub of smuggling very damaging to them. It is not so ! When they began to debate in the Hague Parliament it was time to wake up, and so M. Paul Hymans was invited formally to declare that there was no truth in the rumours of cession. Here is his answer." (With a smile of triumph, the mayor produced a letter from the Belgian Foreign Minister, disclaiming all thought of ceding the territory.)

"You see, we are saved. But it was an anxious moment, for however well we may get on with our Dutch friends and neighbours—

I have two of them in my garden

—we always want to share Belgium's destiny. We did so in the war. We were lucky, here, of course. Surrounded by neutral Holland and safe. We could go to the frontier down the road and watch the Germans—our little ones would pull long noses at them, in a perfect security. But it was not all a joke. We were most useful to the Allies with our wireless post, and in other ways, too. And it might be so again . . . ."

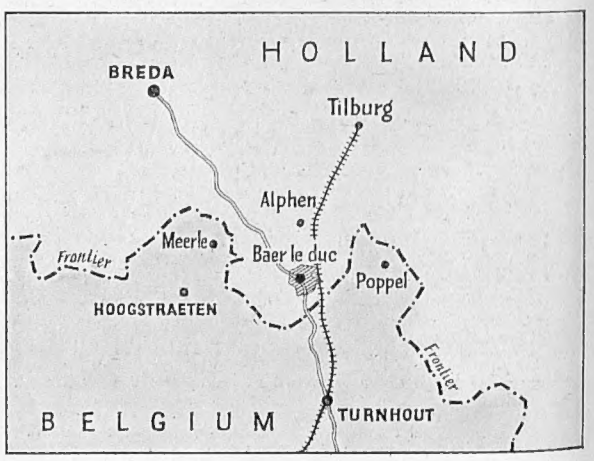
The Burgomaster broke off.

"It was M. de Broqueville—the late Premier—who saved us at the last Dutch alarm. How the bells rang then ! You cannot play about with the nationality of villages any more than you can with that of capitals ! The Dutch feel about it as we do. When, in 1876, it was a question of exchanging us for the Dutch commune of Ulicoten, the priest of Ulicoten telegraphed to King William of Holland : 'Sire, take everything, my money, my goods, my life, but leave me my country.'"

"No," concluded the Burgomaster, "it may be true that in passing from one house to another one crosses the frontier, but the inhabitants are all so used to it now that they hardly notice."

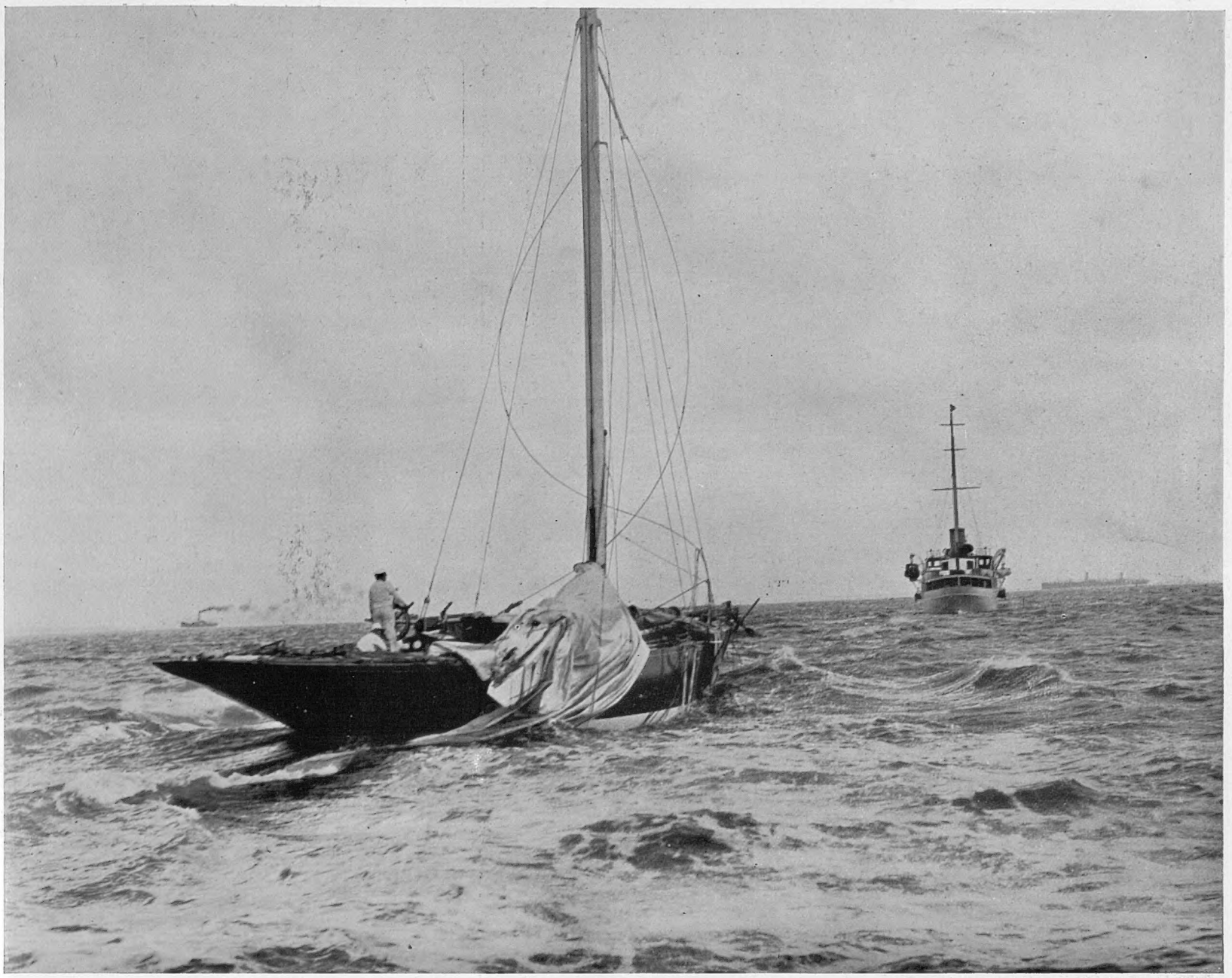
In point of fact, the charge is that the inhabitants circulate the smuggled goods literally from one windowsill to the next, that a species of chain process exists. The Dutch are so far from being satisfied with the existing state of affairs that

(*Continued on p.* 514



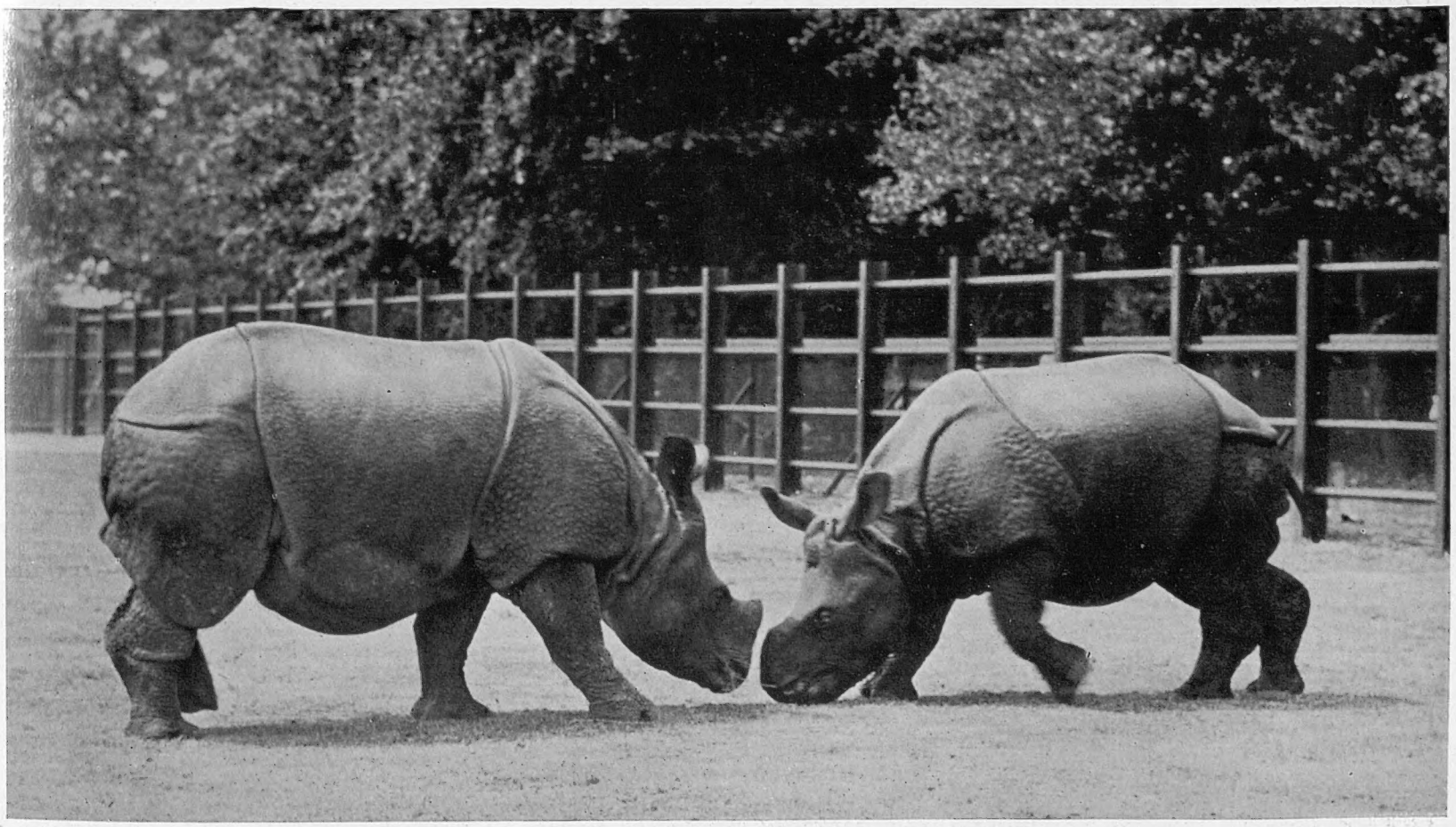
BAERLE-DUC lies just across the frontier and is surrounded by Dutch territory. It is, however, a portion of Belgium. The opportunities for smuggling, says Mr. Tuohy, are ideal

"ENDEAVOUR" LOSES HER CANVAS



In a high wind off the East Coast during the race for big yachts, Mr. Sopwith's *Endeavour* was so disabled that she had to be towed back to Sheerness by the yacht *Vita*

ARMOURED ANTAGONISTS



The journey from the London Zoo to Whipsnade thoroughly upset Hush and Hash, the two Indian rhinoceroses, who made their debut before the Whitsun crowds in a weighty display of temper. These handsome beasts were given to the Zoo by the King

AN ANNUAL WHITSUNTIDE FUNCTION: The yeomen warders of the Tower of London at an inspection by Lieut.-Colonel W. Faviell, their Resident Governor and Major

THE LAST POST, accompanied by a dipping of flags, was an impressive part of the annual British Legion service at the Cenotaph. Fifteen thousand members of the British Legion gathered at the Horse Guards Parade, and proceeded to the Cenotaph, where the salute was taken by Prince Arthur of Connaught

AN ADMIRAL'S FUNERAL: The flag-draped coffin of the late Sir Charles Madden, Admiral of the Fleet, being borne into Westminster Abbey on naval shoulders

An EMISSARY from ARABIA in LONDON

THE CROWN PRINCE EMIR SAUD, son of King Abdul ibn Saud, whose visit to England is to be of both social and diplomatic importance

MANY distinguished Arabs in recent years have become familiar to the British public, but there will be unwonted curiosity over the arrival, which is timed for June 17, of the Emir Saud, the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia. This eldest son of King Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, one of the mightiest conquerors Arabia has ever produced, will be the guest of the British Government for the first fortnight of his stay, and it is intended that his visit, the first that he has paid to Great Britain, shall be as comprehensive as possible, in order that the future ruler of Saudia shall see in all its facets the national life of the country which is, through its mandated territories or through Arab States with which it is in special treaty relations, Saudia's chief neighbour.

This visit, however, is not expected to be purely social. There are, despite the 1927 Treaty of Jeddah which now governs the relations between Saudia and Great Britain, certain questions outstanding between the two countries. These questions fall into two categories. Some were left unsolved by the Jeddah Treaty; others have arisen since that treaty was signed.

The first concern principally the disputed southern border of Trans-Jordan with the Hejaz, and the future of the Hejaz Railway, which was built before the war, from Damascus to Medina. At the present moment the southernmost province of Trans-Jordan, the province of Aqaba and Maan, is governed from Amman, not from Mecca, and it has been so governed since 1925, the year of Ibn Saud's final conquest of the Hejaz. But Ibn Saud claims this province as an integral part of the Hejaz, and as an acknowledged part of the kingdom of the man, Hussein, whom he dispossessed in the Hejaz, and he has never been persuaded to alter his views, although he has agreed not to disturb the *status quo*.

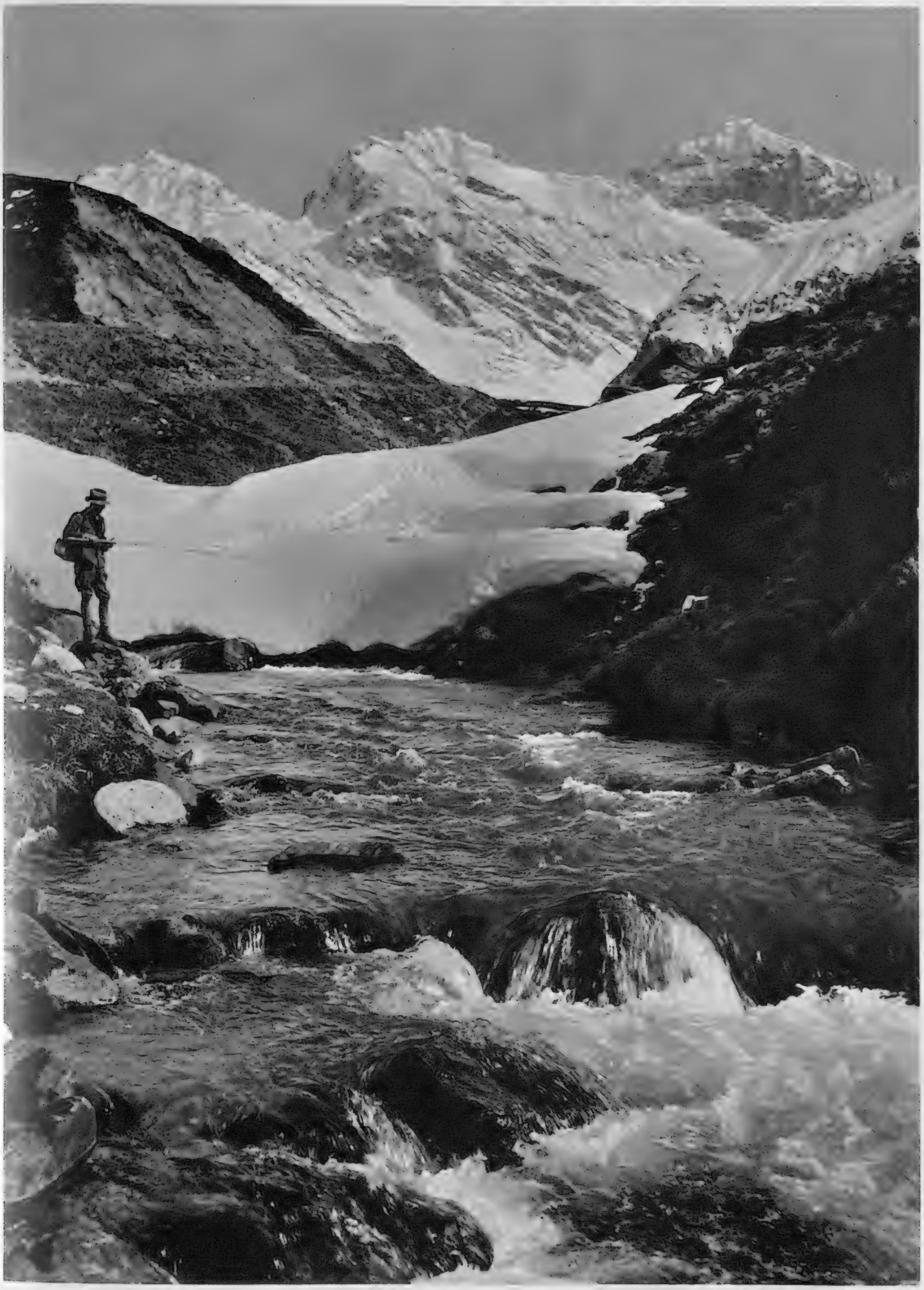
As for the Hejaz Railway, although Ibn Saud controls about half the total length of the line, from Mudowara to Medina, no trains run over his section. (Trains were run as far south as Medina after the war, in which, incidentally, the damage done by "T. E. Lawrence" and others was not so lasting as has been supposed). Ibn Saud claims that the French and British (in their capacities as mandatory powers for Syria and Trans-Jordan respectively) took more than their fair share of the rolling stock, and more than once in recent years he has endeavoured to procure a redistribution of the property of this Pilgrim Railway, so as to allow of trains running from and to the Holy City of Medina. His attitude is that the whole railway should be treated as a Muslim "Wakf," or "Pious Foundation," and that it is wrong to regard any part of it as the property of any particular nation or government.

The second category of questions outstanding relate principally to the Persian Gulf, in which, during recent months, there have been considerable developments in two important matters, namely, air routes and oil concessions. Imperial Airways now fly down the Arab side of the Gulf, with minor Arab sheikhs on which they have agreements, but there is not, so far, any formal agreement with Ibn Saud on this question, for the whole of the seaboard of his province, the Hasa province, is flown at a stretch.

Oil is a more delicate matter. Within the last year or so various oil concessions have been given in Eastern Arabia to companies both of the Old and of the New World. But international boundaries in the regions concerned are either difficult to understand or non-existent. Stricter delimitation or definition now seems to be a necessity.

Such are some of the principal problems which may shortly be discussed between the Emir Saud and the British Government.

Kenneth Williams



Meerkamper, Davos-Platz

A SPRING PARADISE
In a Swiss Valley

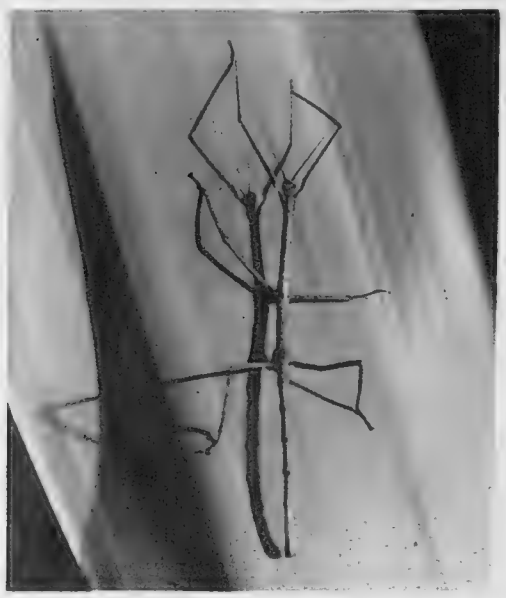
This new study of a trout fisher on the bank of a little stream in the Sertig Valley near Davos will doubtless prove a disturbing sight to the angler pent within city walls, and to the artist who will long to paint this fascinating arrangement of dark rushing water, snow patch, and distant sunlit mountain side. Trout are to be found in a great number of Swiss streams

DENIZENS OF

Recorded by Camera by William La Varr

FOX CUBS OF THE SAVANNAH: The mistress of the expedition receives a gift from one of the porters

A DOMESTIC PET: This brown monkey has bee through the jungl



THE WALKING-STICK INSECT, one of Nature's most remarkable achievements in imitativeness

AS we ventured up the Essequibo, the source of which, somewhere in the mountainous hinterland of British Guiana, no man has found, I could not help but think that here, too, and in more ways than one, was a River of Doubt.

But I have come to believe that *all* jungle rivers are rivers of doubt. Of doubt and uncertainty. No man knows what may become of him in another twenty-four hours. The sun beats down on you when you are fighting in mid-stream, but filters through the roof of the jungle only in spots, where the fall of some jungle tree monarch has made a temporary opening.

Under the roof of that jungle, denser, so my friend Herbert Lang tells me, than anything he found in the Congo, it is always twilight and there is much that the eye of man never sees. He can at best hope to pick out only the highlights. He begins to see, after a while, that a certain hawser-like vine, by which he might swing himself across a creek, is alive with fire ants. Don't touch it! And look out for that delicate hot-house-looking palm. The under-side of its soft leaves are ribbed with needle-like spines which will set the itch of torment into your flesh. Make a circuit of it.

One day on a jungle river, as far as the scenery goes, is very much like another. But we incessantly search the vine-laced jungle wall for unusual things. Ah yes, after my Indian hunter has pointed it out to me, I see it. The "Death Flower" he says, a beautiful, fragrant lotus-like blossom that I would pick for my wife's corsage, but he stops me. On the soft petal I see a bee, crawling toward the centre of the blossom. Another bee, reaching the centre first and stepping upon it, suddenly buzzes its wings frantically. But its wings are futile. Its feet are gripped in the soft cement-like heart . . . and as I watch it the inner petals begin closing up like interlacing fingers making a trap over the struggling bee. A carnivorous plant! I'd heard of them, but never seen one.

There are creatures that fly, and others that can only slowly crawl. The crawlers take refuge in protective coloration, or shape. The walking-stick is out of his element on a leaf, but a particularly large one we place there, for in its habitual environment among the smaller branches of a twig-bush, it could never be distinguished from vegetable matter in a photograph. It's a funny thing, perhaps, to make a pet of, but my wife, ever eager to experiment, tied a string halter around it and we carried it far into the interior. We held excited bouts whenever one of the black paddlers discovered one which he sponsored as a contestant for champion walking-stick. But he never was

SWINGING FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH the mother sloth travels through the jungle with the baby clinging on to her back

AN INDULGENT GRIN, which is the sloth's natural expression. A close-up impression of this extraordinary mammal

A DANGEROUS INHABITANT of the Guiana river an electric eel which has just been caught b an Indian hunter

THE JUNGLE

in the Hinterland Jungle of British Guiana

tamed by one of the porters accompanying Mr. La Varre to the Savannah country

THE YOUNG JIBURU STORK poses for its photograph with Mrs. La Varre

vanquished, finally securing his own release by discovering that, while browsing at night on tender grass, he could chew up his string.

The crawlers, however, are not the slowest thing in the jungle. That title will always be reserved for the sloth. The only time they seem animated is when they are babies. The old ones haven't enough energy to act upset when you take their babies away from them—which I am sure is the height of lethargy among animals. The three-toed variety makes an interesting pet—until its toes grow big enough for him to *pinch* them right into your flesh. But when they grow up they look like . . . well, I haven't yet decided just what. Everybody to whom I've shown a picture of a sloth's face says emphatically that it reminds them of somebody they know. Nobody wants to have a beast with such a silly face around for very long, so we put the little one back on the nonchalantly waiting mother's back and shoo them off into a tree top. They are probably still there!

A very real "river devil" of the British Guiana waters is the electric eel, and we killed them whenever possible. They can shock a man so badly that he'll fall unconscious in the water and drown before help reaches him.

The champion shocker of the Guiana jungle is however, the bushmaster. It is a very mean snake and it strikes with such force that men have fainted from the shock, and the virulence of the copious poison which it injects has not yet been made safe by a man-made antidote. The bushmaster is the only actual man-hunter I know of in the northern South American jungle.

When it comes to blood-hunting the perai, or cannibal fish, has the river to himself. Happily they do not gather in swift water, and in the fast rapids where the men have to work waist deep tugging the boats over rocks, there are no perai at all. But when game is killed in the deeper stretches of smooth water the water is streaked with hundreds of perai trying to get to the kill

(Continued on p. 512)

THE WHITE TYRA, a new species of jaguar, brought back from the interior of British Guiana by Mr. La Varre, and now in the custody of the Washington Zoo

FOUR MONTHS OLD: Another example of the white tyra, which has never before been brought out of the jungle. It is a quaint-looking little animal; all-white, except for the black mask

A MASS MEETING IN TOKYO of delegates from various organizations, at which request for instant enforcement of the Women's Suffrage Law was made

AN ALL-WOMEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT held at Tokyo, which is open to women of all countries who are resident in Japan. Several nationalities are represented in this view of the competitors

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN JAPAN

By Anne Roscoe

HARANGUING THE CROWDS: A recent study of an impassioned Japanese advocate for women's rights addressing a Labour meeting

Japan differs from most Oriental countries in the fact that her women were always considered worthy of a certain amount of literary culture.

In no respect has greater progress been made in Japan since the Restoration (1868) than in the improvement of the position of women, and this has been due largely to the effect of Christian thought and Christian lives on the thought and lives of the modern Japanese. The men of New Japan have reluctantly had to admit to themselves that better educated women would make better homes, and that for the sake of future generations something must be done to carry the women forward into a position more in harmony with what the nation was reaching for in other directions.

Japanese women were never ill-used, rather they were treated more or less like children, not trusted with the independence which our modern manners allow nor given the romantic homage which Europe's damosels expected. A Japanese knight performed his deeds of valour for no such fanciful reward as a lady's smile; he performed them out of loyalty to his lord.

Although the woman's lot is still summed up in what are known as "the three obediences"—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when widowed, to a son—she can inherit and own property and manage it herself, she can act as a guardian, and finally she has a voice in family councils.

For two-and-a-half centuries, under the Tokugawa regime, women were taught that their place in life was in the home, ministering to their lord and master and producing sons to keep up the supply of warriors. With the opening of the new era the cause of feminism received a great impetus. The Emperor Meiji in one of his rescripts (1871) is quoted as saying, "Females heretofore have had no position socially, because it was considered they were without understanding; but if educated and intelligent, they should have due respect."

Women's Societies sprang up on all sides; one federation alone to-day numbers over 3,000,000 members and supports the suffrage movement. In 1924 the Women's Suffrage League was formed and by means of lectures, pamphlets, and articles in magazines it makes the aims and objects of those working for feminine rights known all over the country.

It is an interesting fact that in the last thirty years as much change in the condition of Japan's women has been made as it took Europe 500 years to bring about.

Beginning with the teaching profession gradually more and more positions became available for women until to-day they are to be found in all departments of the economic life of the country.

No Japanese girl is encouraged to contemplate the possibility of remaining unmarried, all her education is towards this end. But with their new found independence the women of Japan have striven for better physical conditions so that instead of the petite frame and anæmic complexion, one sees sturdy forms and red cheeks, and instead of the mincing step a healthy stride. The average height of women has actually increased by two inches with a corresponding increase in weight and muscle.

The farmer's son now likes to marry a girl who has worked in a silk factory; the city man's son likes a girl who can go skating with him in winter and swimming in summer. When Mars is in the ascendant women's rights go to the wall and in this respect Japan is no different from the rest of the world. The rise of the samurai turned the women into gentle, pretty, faithful creatures. The Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars did likewise. To-day women's suffrage has been pushed aside while militant patriotism is in the air.

THE EMPLOYMENT QUEUE: An endless stream of girls applying for a certain number of advertised jobs at the municipal agency in Tokyo

STRANGE CRAFT

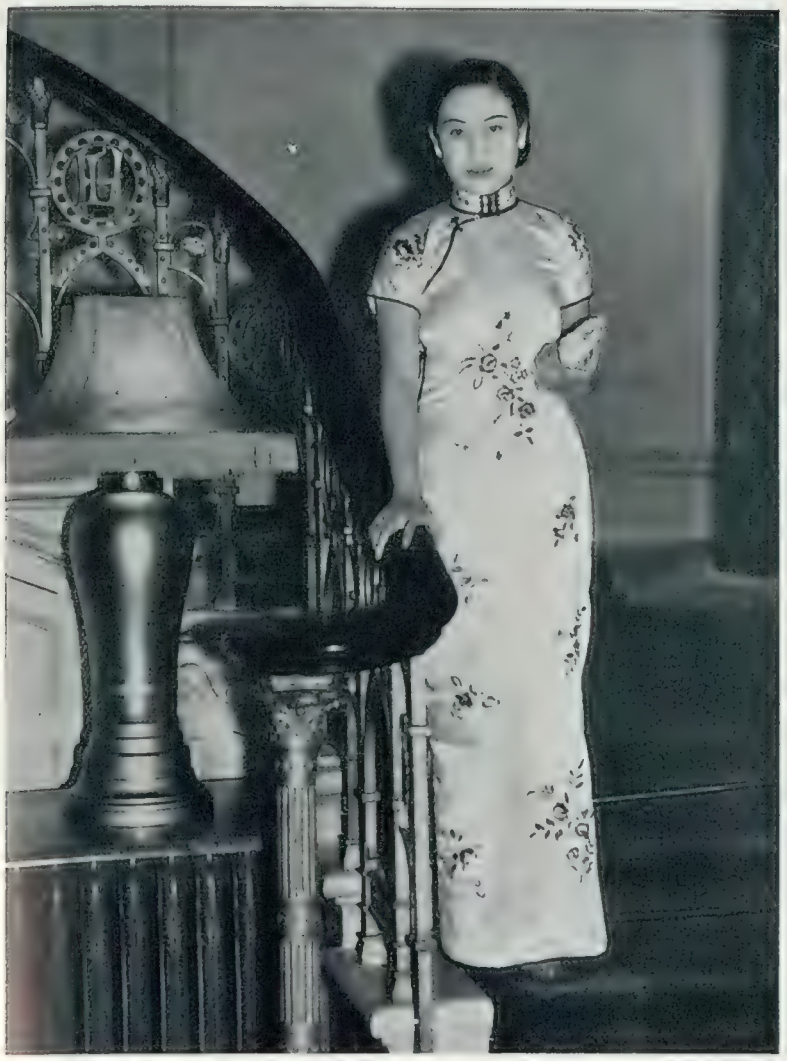
PADDY BOATS ON THE IRAWADDY: Picturesque craft on the great waterway which is Burma's main artery of commerce. Note the immense height of the sterns and the elaborately-carved woodwork. *Left inset*—Typical trading junks on one of Japan's few navigable rivers

THE OLD ORDER IN A LAND OF CHANGE

An antiquated type of vessel under construction in a small shipyard on Japan's Inland Sea. It will be employed solely for coastal trading

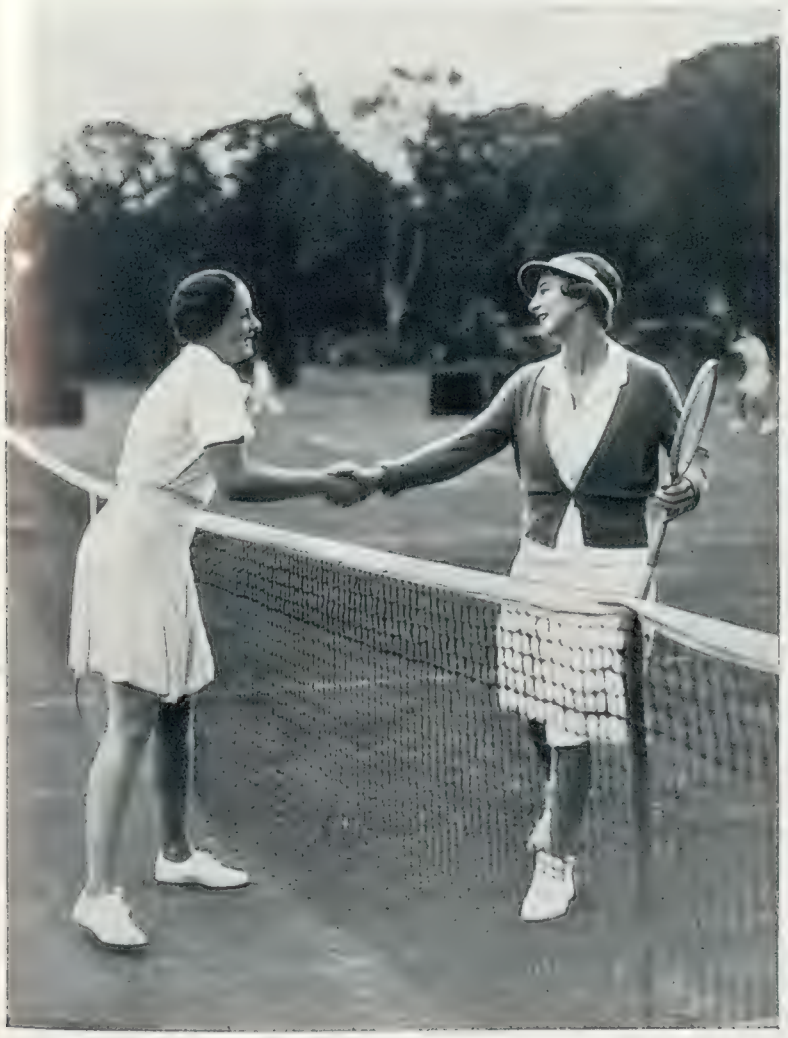
DUNLOP
FORT 90
C.F.H.

THE PERSONAL SIDE



BUTTERFLY WU IN LONDON · · A picturesque study of the new Chinese film star, who has just arrived on a visit to England

ETON'S FOURTH OF JUNE: H. D. Pullein Thompson, escorted by his twin sisters, Diana and Christine, on his way to the cricket match



THE RETURN OF MRS. WILLS-MOODY who has re-entered the tennis lists with a determination to carry off for the eighth time the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon

BEAUTY QUEEN OF THE LAUNDRY: Miss Smithers and her maids of honour selected by Miss Clare Luce, the actress (*seen on the left*), at the annual Laundry Industry Athletic Sports and Carnival which were held at Motspur Park, Surrey

THE EMPEROR PAUL THE FIRST: A picture by Lampi of the violent and vagarious ruler who, for his mismanagement of foreign affairs, was ordered to abdicate by his own officers, and in resisting them was strangled

THE GREAT CATHERINE painted by Levitsky in a symbolic pose, with the laurels of peace on her brow. Beneath is a shield bearing the inscription: "Your sword is wreathed with laurel: without having been drawn it has put an end to war." This picture was presented by the Empress to the Grand Master Pinto. The picture is lent by the Government of Malta

OLD RUSSIA

Seen Once Again in Varied Splendour—in Belgrave Square

FOR a short space of time the old Russia of the Tsars came to life in a London house recently. Anyone who had been in St. Petersburg before the war might have imagined himself transported back to one of those vast palaces on the Neva; the impression was indeed so vivid that it was almost a shock to come out into Belgrave Square, and not on to the wide quay above the frozen Neva, with the spire of St. Peter and St. Paul rising tall and unbelievably slender into the clouds, with the pigeons wheeling up in startled flocks at the sound of the mid-day gun from the fortress, and the little sledges driven by fur-coated, bearded coachmen slipping silently over the snow.

Lady Zia Wernher received the Duchess of Kent and her father and mother, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, at 1, Belgrave Square, for the official opening of the Russian Art Exhibition. All the rooms had been done up in the old Russian style by Mr. V. Doboujenski, well known for his stage decorations and for the settings he created for the Diaghe-leff Ballet. Princess Labanoff Rostovksy was showing people round, Prince and Princess Yousupoff were greeted by friends, Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia wandered a little sadly through the great rooms. Others I noticed were Prince and Princess Vladimir Golitzine, M. and Madame Sabline, Countess Kleinmichel, M. Polovtzoff, one of the foremost members of the executive and selective committees, whose wife, one of the beauties of St. Petersburg society before the war, seemed hardly to have changed at all after all the years that had passed. There were Russian voices all round one, a buzz of conversation. "Szdraatyueta," one heard on all sides, as men bent to kiss the ungloved right hands women held out to them; now and then came a sigh, a little exclamation "Kak grussna" (how sad it is) as some treasure on exhibition recalled memories of the past.

And how exceedingly fabulous some of those gleaming treasures are. The big centre case in Room VI contains six pieces of jewellery whose combined worth is valued at £100,000. Here is the great pear-shaped black pearl known as "The Agra" which Catherine the Great gave to Potemkine, that tall, one-eyed favourite whose unbounded energy and strong personality ruled Russia for seventeen years.

HIGH FAVOURITE OF PETER THE GREAT: Alexander Danilovich Menshikov, who, after several years of court power, was disgraced, and died in exile. The favourite's fall curtailed the casting of this bronze bust by Rastrelli, which remained unfinished. It stands in the entrance hall of the present exhibition

Princess Yousupoff has also lent that other great pearl called "La Pellegrina" to the exhibition. This pearl is said to be the sister of the one which Cleopatra dissolved in wine, and was formerly in the possession of Philip II of Spain. It was added to the crown jewels by Louis XIV of France and was acquired by Princess Tatiana Yousupoff in 1826. In the same case is the magnificent tiara of diamonds and sapphires formerly the property of the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia (the mother of Princess Nicholas of Greece) but now belonging to Queen Marie of Rumania; and here too is the corsage ornament of diamonds and amethysts given by the Emperor Alexander I to Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry.

A collection of the celebrated Fabergé's creations are arranged in glass cases round the room, the exquisite workmanship and delicate, intricate designs almost unbelievable in their beauty. Here are cigarette cases and snuff boxes of enamel inset with diamonds, animals carved out of jade and agate, jasper and cornelian, jewelled Easter eggs, one of which contains a tiny diamond crown, another, a miniature replica of the Russian state coach, still another, inset with jewelled lilies of the valley, which when lifted up reveal miniatures of the late Tsar and two of his daughters.

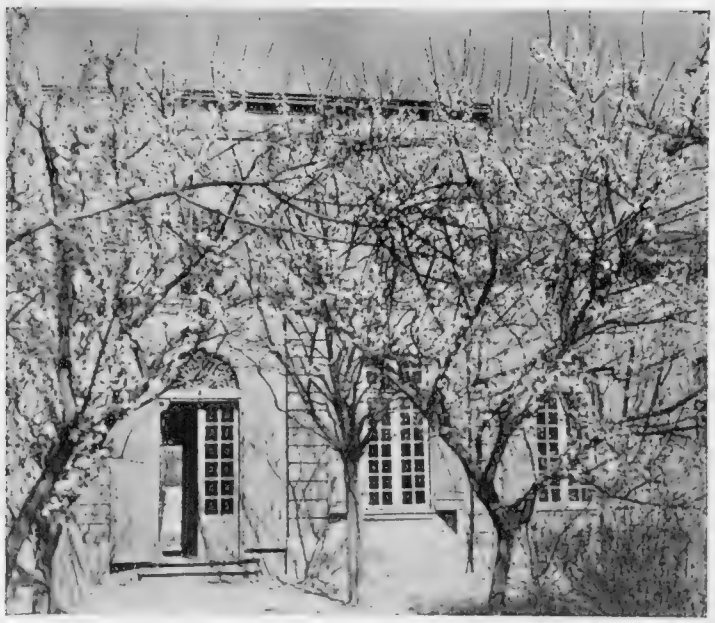
A tea set made of glass which looks like china, given by the Emperor Paul to his wife, a taster, or small glass for vodka, cut out of a single ruby, a "kovsh" or ladle used for dipping into wine, said to have been a gift from Ivan the Terrible to a member of his Court, a chalice set with cameos and diamonds designed by Catherine the Great, old ikons of faded gold, painted on wood or copper. Scattered jewels of a vanished Empire saved from the welter of a revolution, memories of a magnificence that has passed for ever.

In a glass case in Room I is the earliest Russian manuscript of the Gospels, which belonged to Yaroslav the Wise. It found its way to Rheims, where it was a treasured relic, though the priests did not know in what language it was written. And then on his journey through France Peter the Great visited Rheims and was shown the Missal as a great curiosity, exclaiming in astonishment when he found that it was written in old Slavonic.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT made her first official speech when she opened the Exhibition of Russian Art at No. 1 Belgrave Square, in aid of the Russian Red Cross. This is the first time for many years that a comprehensive and adequate survey of Russian art has been presented in England

REFUGEES from the SAAR

Destitutes who are Fed and Housed, but may not find Employment



WHERE THE EXPATRIATED SAARLANDERS LIVE IN FRANCE: A former hospital at Toulouse has been given over to those unfortunates who fled into France at the time of the plebiscite

HOMELESS WOMEN REFUGEES who, though fed and clothed by the French Government, are not allowed to find work, and therefore lead monotonous lives

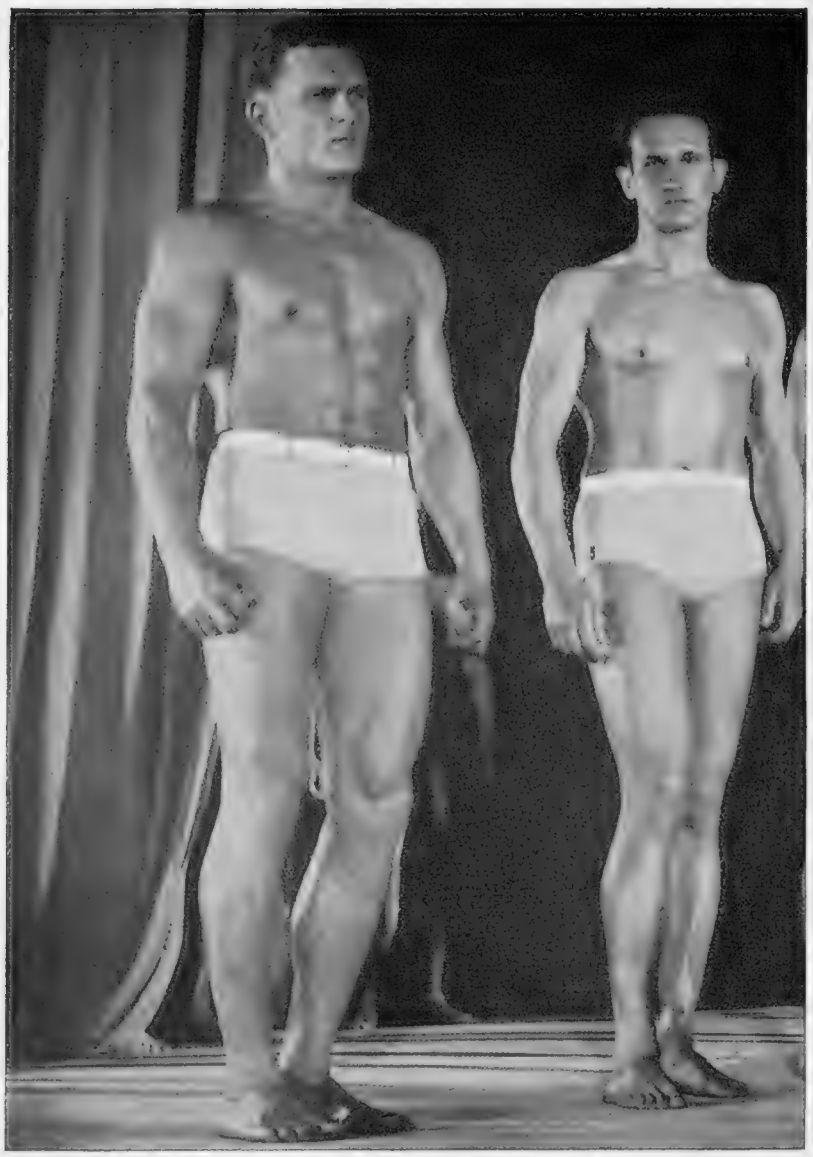
NO PROSPECT OF EMPLOYMENT is the hopeless lot of these Saar emigrants, who sit dejectedly round the stove day after day in unrelieved boredom

DOMESTIC OCCUPATION is welcomed by the members of the refugee camp, who are eager to develop their grounds and buildings at Toulouse. On the left is the cook, one of the few who have definite jobs

THE COMMANDER OF THE CAMP lives in solitude in his own room, and takes his meals alone. He wears a curious pyjama-like uniform, and is himself a refugee

A REFUGEE ARTIST, who has painted a picture on the whitewashed wall of the dormitory in an attempt to make it more like his Saar studio. The shelf on the left probably contains all his worldly possessions

HAPPENINGS IN EUR



THE PARIS APOLLO OF 1935: The successful competitor for "the most beautiful modern athlete" was M. Rouet, a twenty-six-year-old professor of physical culture at a Paris bathing pool. The contest was judged by a committee of artists and sportsmen

THE DAY OF SICK PEOPLE AT MONTMARTRE: Several hundred patients were carried at the church of Sacré-Cœur, and received the blessing of Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop here seen on their stretchers during the service

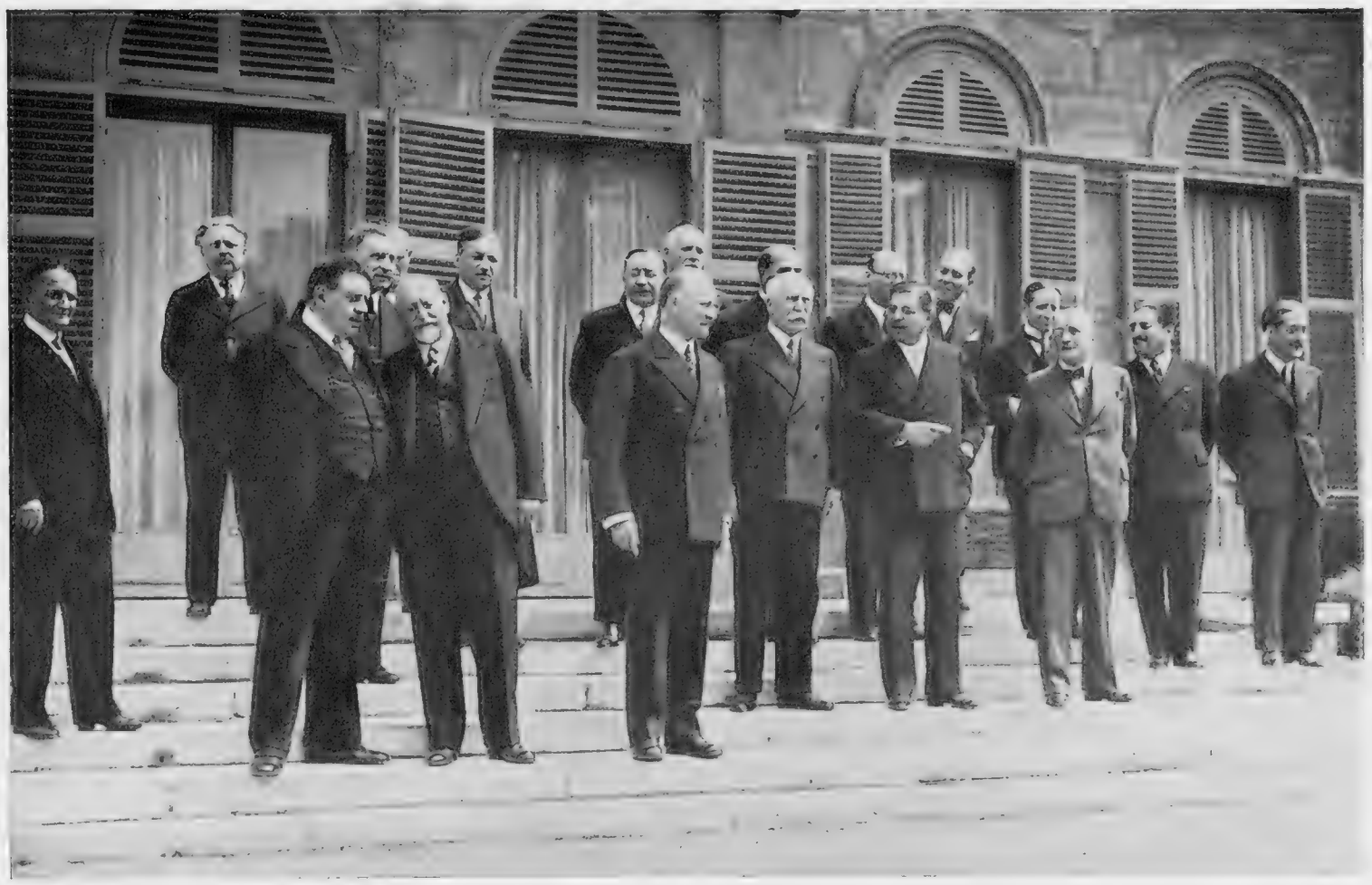
ALLEGIANCE TO THE YOUNG KING: New recruits to the Royal Jugoslavian Guard taking country is at present under the rule of a Regency Council, the members of which were Alexander himself

AN ITALIAN BOOK FAIR, which was held for the ninth year in the old markets of Trajan, Rome. Above can be seen the various stands representing the Italian publishing houses. On the right is the main entrance to the fair

THE PRUSSIAN PREMIER the Bulgarian capital troops. He is here seen

OPE

to the annual mass of Paris. They are



THE FOUR-DAY CABINET which, under the presidency of M. Buisson, came into office on Saturday and was defeated on the following Tuesday, by a margin of two votes, over the question of the currency. The ministers in this group are, from left to right: Messieurs Roustan, Lapoint, Herriot, Pernot, Pietri (almost hidden), Buisson, Jacquier, Rollin, Lebrun, Maurin (behind), Pétain, Denain (behind), Frossard, Laval, Paganon, Mandel, Caillaux, Laurent-Eynac, and Cathala

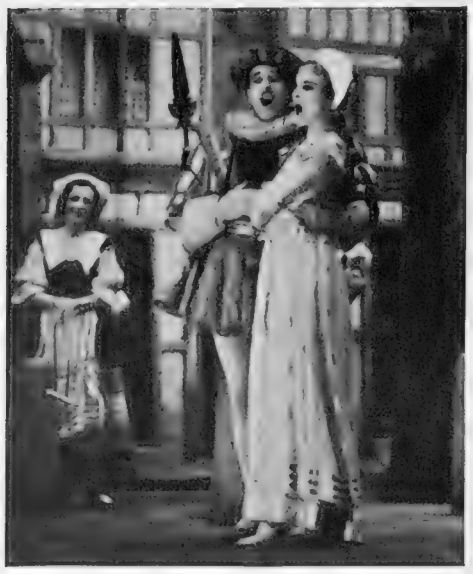
the oath at Belgrade. The nominated by the late King in his will

AT SOFIA: During his visit to General Göring inspected the saluting the regimental colours

SPRING PAGEANTRY IN SPAIN: The coming of spring was a splendid excuse for gay celebrations with horses and provincial costumes. Here are a picturesque couple who represented Andalusia in the procession through Madrid. In addition to these mounted figures there was a long line of picturesquely decorated carts and waggons

NEW ACTION PICTURES OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

Now Being Performed at Sadlers' Wells for a Short Season



A DUET IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD": Elsie (Muriel Dickson) singing with Fairfax (Charles Goulding)

"HE PRESSES HER HAND, HE WHISPERS IN HER EAR, ODDS BODDIKINS, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" Jack Point first suspects that Elsie and Fairfax are in love. Martyn Green acts the part of Jack Point, the famous jester, into whose characterisation Gilbert put so much wit and pathos

LORDS AND FAIRIES MEET IN "IOLANTHE": Lord Mountararat (Darrell Fancourt) *on left.* Phyllis (Muriel Dickson) *on right*

THE FAIRY QUEEN EXERCISES HER POWERS: In the delightful first-act setting from *Iolanthe*, the ward in chancery meets both peers and fairies. The Fairy Queen (Dorothy Gill) appears towards the left

YUM-YUM (MURIEL DICKSON) BEFORE HER MIRROR in Act II of *The Mikado*. Marjorie Eyre as Pitti-Sing is standing on the right

NANKI-POO (CHARLES GOULDING) is checkmated by Ko-Ko (Martyn Green) who takes the famous part so long acted by Sir Henry Lytton

WITH THE ITALIANS IN ERITREA

A Pictorial Survey of Martial and Civil Activities

MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS IN ERITREA, the Italian East African territory on the borders of Abyssinia, have resulted in the cutting of a number of well made roads through the plateaux

FASCISM AMONG THE NATIVES: Ethiopian boys drilling under Fascist instructors in Eritrea

THE HEALTH OF ERITREA is a great concern of the Italian colonists, who have instituted an ambulatory medical service which daily handles a large number of cases among the natives

FIGHTING MEN OF ETHIOPIA: Italy is not only training the youth of Eritrea, both Italian and native, but is employing the adult men as soldiers. In this picture examples of sound and well-disciplined soldiers who fought so well for the Italians in Tripoli and Cyrenicia are seen with their Italian captain

WITH THE

THE THATCHED "TOKUL" HUTS seen in the background of the picture are gradually being replaced by hygienic modern dwellings, under the Italian regime in Eritrea. These sons of Italian residents belong to the Junior Fascist organization, which is an active and powerful element in the colony

NEW ITALIAN BUILDINGS IN EASTERN
houses are built of stone in the s

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF: Italian colonists of to-day follow the example of their Roman ancestors in their zeal for road-making. In Eritrea more and more roads are appearing and Asmara, the capital, is quickly developing into a typical Italian city, as is witnessed by the large church building in the background

"THE LAW TREATS ALL ALIKE" is the inscription that hangs,
of Italy, on the walls of the Court of Justice. Except in seve
interference in tribal matters is firmly

ITALIANS IN ERITREA

RN AFRICA, proof of the material advancement of Eritrea under Italian rule. The e southern villa style and are considerably healthier than the old native huts

ngs, together with a picture of the King severe cases, the Italian policy of non- rmly maintained

THE TALL WIRELESS MAST seems strangely situated in the midst of squat native huts belonging to the Ethiopians of Eritrea

THE FASCIST HEADQUARTERS is an important building in every Italian East African settlement. The handsome Casa del Fascio at Asmara is named Arnaldo, in memory of Mussolini's dead brother

METHODS OF HONESTY have been successfully introduced among the natives whose daily commercial quarrels have been much diminished by the use of weighing-machines in the market-places of the chief towns

BUYING and SELLING LONDON

By CHARLES GRAVES

A NEW OVERHEAD VIEW of Westminster, an immensely wealthy area of London. In the West End, says Mr. Graves, individual freeholds are rare. Nearly all the ground is held by the Crown or one of the big estates

IN dealing with the sale and purchase of land and housing property in London, it is exceedingly difficult to reach anything approaching accurate figures as to either quantity or location. According to the latest statistics, nearly £11,500,000 worth of real estate—to use the phrase colloquially—changed hands last year in the London Auction Mart in Queen Victoria Street, Winchester House, private auction rooms, and provincial auction rooms. Of this, £6,500,000 worth were sold in provincial auction rooms, £1,000,000 in private auction rooms in London, nearly £3,500,000 at the London Auction Mart, and the remainder at Winchester House. This, however, does not include the sale by private treaty of much of the most valuable property, and probably four or five deals are done by private treaty to each deal which is transacted by public auction. It has been suggested to me by an expert that about £68,000,000 worth of landed property changes hands in England each year, of which £18,000,000 involves landed property in London alone. Recent big deals have included Lansdowne House, Chesterfield House, Brook House, Mount Royal, and Dorset House. At least £4,000,000 or £5,000,000 must have changed hands in connection with the sale of these properties. The sale of two or three of them hung fire for a considerable time.

The present state of the market is peculiar. On the one hand there is an enormous demand for investments in landed property. People realise that if you buy a share it is after all only a slip of paper. If you buy landed property at least you have the bricks and mortar and rent. On the other hand, the proposed town-planning scheme of the L.C.C. is holding up any number of large transactions, for until the smoke has cleared away, nobody quite knows what restrictions may be placed upon them. This, of course, refers only to property that is going to be rebuilt. Most, however, of large blocks of land which change hands do so with a view to development.

To hark back to sales by private treaty, one must point out that every estate agent has his list of investors just as a shop-keeper has his regular customers. When some property comes into the market the estate agent duly informs that investor or group of investors most likely to be interested. Sometimes if he cannot make a deal in this way he may call up a rival firm and ask whether that firm has anyone likely to be interested in the particular transaction, in which event, if this second firm is successful, it secures two-thirds of the commission, one-third going to the original firm.

As another leading estate agent said to me yesterday, the sale of property is very much like a game of poker. The vendor sees to it that an announcement is made that his property will be sold by auction on a certain date and in a certain place. This may be either in the private salerooms of the four leading estate agents, or it may be at the London Auction Mart. He knows that this announcement is the best possible advertisement and is most likely to attract purchasers who as often as not will buy the property by the aforesaid "private treaty." The reason why it is like a game of poker is that sometimes the purchaser will wait until after the public auction in the hope that the minimum price has not been reached, with the result that it has to be bought in. This will probably mean that the potential price of sale drops considerably. On other occasions he feels that he cannot afford to wait.

Any amount of patience is necessary, as well as the most stringent secrecy, when it is a matter of buying a large block of London property. There may be any number of ground landlords and tenants who may not be particularly anxious to sell, and who, if they knew that there was a scheme on foot to buy the whole local area, would put up their individual prices. In view of all this patience and scheming, one can say safely that the commission earned by estate agents is justified.

They may be years over one single deal. This commission is based on the proportion of five per cent. of the selling price for the first £300; two-and-a-half per cent. for the next £4,700; and one-and-a-half per cent. thereafter.

All told there are 6,700 members of the Institute of Auctioneers and Estate Agents, and only the smartest of them make a good living from it. The Institute is now in its fiftieth year, and was the first serious effort to protect the interests of the profession. It is true that in 1798 a few of the leading auctioneers of the day formed a society, but this has now degenerated, or sublimated (as you like to look at it) into a dining club of some three dozen members.

But come with me to the London Auction Mart. It has four storeys, and on a busy day each of the three rooms on each storey is full of middle-aged women and men, the latter mostly spectacled and bowler hatted. They sit on hard wooden chairs while the auctioneer proceeds to read from his prospectus. But though the auctioneer is allowed to be slightly more flowery in his sales talk than an auctioneer at Christie's, where merely the number of the lot is named before bids are invited, those to whom I listened in the various rooms did not seem to exert themselves unduly. They spoke in modulated voices. Occasionally they would preface their remarks with a phrase such as "As you know, this is one of the few districts outside the Metropolis which is not overshopped"; but otherwise they made no effort to set any of us on fire.

The first lot to which I listened was a corner-shop premises with a frontage of 19 ft. and a depth of 76 ft. An elderly man interrupted the auctioneer with the remark, "Will you sell the entire block?" This was refused, and the auctioneer continued, "Start where you will." Somebody said "£1,200," which brought the reply from the auctioneer, "That's very low, sir." He then said, "Can I make it £1,600?" Somebody said "£1,650." "£1,700 I'm bid," said the auctioneer, conversationally adding, "My colleague tells me that the tenants are very sound people." After a moment he said, "Have you all done? But I don't want to hurry you. It is in the market at £1,800." He then caught somebody's eye and observed, "£1,900—just in time. It's now against you in the centre, sir. Have you done?" Apparently he and the others had, and down went the hammer.

The next room, which was just across the floor, was the scene of the sale, or rather the attempted sale, of some houses in West Kensington. On four consecutive occasions the individual lot did not reach a satisfactory figure and it was bought in.

In the course of two hours in the dozen rooms eighty-four houses and shops and other properties were offered for sale, the vast majority of which were promptly bought and changed hands.

I have already referred to the patience necessary on the part of an estate agent in dealing with a block of property. It frequently happens that one defiant lessee will refuse to budge and thus prevent or postpone indefinitely a huge property deal. On occasion it has been possible to build all round the premises of the die-hard. Sometimes it is not possible. At the present minute a property of about seven acres in extent looks as though it is going to be held up for another thirteen years by a last ditcher.

As I have said, it is not often that a big property is sold by public auction. An exception to the rule is a long stretch of Knightsbridge which is coming up for sale in the next few days. What a pity Sir Howard Frank, the greatest auctioneer of the last fifty years, will not be there!

Individual freeholds in the West End of London are few and far between. Houses and land are nearly all on Crown lease, or form part of the estates of the Duke of Westminster, Lord Howard de Walden, Captain Gerald Portman, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Bedford, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Lord Berners, or the late Sir John Ellerman. One thing is certain. A real bargain at a public auction is hard to obtain.

THE CHRISTIE'S OF THE LANDED PROPERTY WORLD: The London Auction Mart, where London property is bought and sold

HIDDEN LONDON: *A South African Voorhuis Looks out on Trafalgar Square*

AN OLD CAPE DUTCH INTERIOR with its beamed ceiling and tiled floor has been admirably reproduced in the voorhuis room at South Africa House. The solid Dutch furniture, the plaster walls, and the skirtings of painted tiles are all perfectly in character with the older farmhouses at the Cape. Pieces of Delft and Chinese porcelain add to the beautiful antiquity of the room

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF HOLLAND are seen appropriately on the far wall of the voorhuis, painted by the Dutch master, Hendrik van Minderhout. On the right is a typical Dutch door, divided horizontally with a fanlight of carved tracery bearing the anchor symbol. The furniture, china and pictures have been purchased from private collections, or given by individual people and companies in the interests of South Africa

OVERLOOKING THE FOUNTAIN in Trafalgar Square, this window has a beautiful sill of tiles, made in Transvaal to designs containing South African flowers, heraldic devices, and symbols

THE PASSING OF FARMER GILES

A BUSY SCENE IN WESSEX: The thresher at work

By PETER THOM

AFTER his land had lain fallow through the long winter, the countryman was exceedingly busy through the days and twilight hours of March; ploughing, harrowing, cultivating, and sowing; under April skies he has also continued late sowing, drilling the spring corn; all these things in season, preparatory for the warmer days of May and June.

We dwellers in towns explore the countryside in search of rural beauty. Tired of the monotonous efficiency of our machine age, we seek to recapture our sense of values in the charm of the unsophisticated; but where is that now to be found? Where is now the familiar silhouette—the team of horses straining at the swingle-trees of a plough guided by the hand of a craftsman?

We feel we are being cheated of our delight when we hear instead the town-rhythm of the internal combustion engine as a tractor drawing a plough bumps into view; an exasperatingly efficient robot-unit in our earthly paradise.

What have we lost? What are we losing? In our village in 1911 you would have found this had been a busy winter for the blacksmith and the wheelwright. In those days the horses went down to the smithy in pairs to have their shoes overhauled, and you smelt the strong tang of heating hoof; the rhythmic clang of metal made you hum a tune as you passed. All day long at the wheelwright's new hubs were sawn and chiselled from the solid tree-trunks to replace the worn ones in the wheels of the great wagons; and new iron hoops were riveted.

During those winter months, whose chills attacked the villagers, you met my Lady from the Hall in one or other of the cottages, providing the extra comforts the doctor had ordered. The two of them, with the rector (who was a good fellow enough out of the pulpit), constituted the nucleus of our social life. Together with one or two of the bigger farmers they saw that the community did not lack the social amenities.

Later in the year you were invited to the haymaking, a time of leisured friendliness, when the farmer provided home-brewed beer for all, which you drank from an earthen pitcher they taught you to swing on to your shoulder.

Twenty-five years of King George's reign have gone by since those days, and the countryman is no longer the same. Women's institutes, State schemes for the widows and orphans and old-age pensions, and the national health insurance have come into existence.

The rector now has to dig himself in his study and work hard at his sermons, for the coming of wireless has brought, together with the day's fat-stock prices, the voices of the fashionable London clergy to the ears of his one-time uncritical flock. So even the rector feels the weight of competition.

The village blacksmith and wheelwright have gone, and in their place the local garage proprietor with his efficient lathes and welding plant carries out the more serious repairs the farmer's ploughmen-mechanics are unable to do. The old-fashioned ploughs and the great wagons that used to creak and groan through the July evenings are rotting in their long sheds that now resemble museums of dead crafts.

The stables are empty, and gone are the great Shires and Clydesdales, those feathered champions among draft horses of that other time; whilst to-day, since one must give figures, about 16,000 motor tractors are performing their work all over England and Wales, and their carters and grooms have become mechanics.

This drastic change to the machine age is well shown by comparing the two methods of ploughing. The average ploughing in one day by one man and his horses was about three-quarters of an acre, whereas one man with a tractor now does 6 to 8 acres.

The machines are displacing man-power, and one wonders what has become of the men. Strangely enough, a glance at the Census records shows the exodus from the land to the towns to be a myth, for the total number of agricultural workers twenty-five years ago, both regular and casual, was about 650,000. Now it is over 700,000. Even allowing for the general increase in population, this is in spite of the fact that detailed mechanization has spread to harvesting and haymaking; where in the former the "combine harvester-thresher" cuts the corn, reaps, threshes out the straw, bags the grain, and leaves the full sacks behind as the machine passes on!

But the craze for speed and mechanization has not invaded very far into the stock yards. The machines cannot turn the animals out to pasture and feed and water them and drive them to market. So the farmer, using the machines the engineers and the scientists have made for him, is able to release his men from field work into the stock yards, and so increase his production of meat, milk and eggs; and into the orchards and market gardens, where the output of vegetables and fruit has also increased.

Land under the plough about 1911 was approximately 11,000,000 acres. To-day it is 9,000,000, the difference being given up to grass and added to the grazing land to carry the increased stock. The position is further shown by the fact that of the above acreage, the amount under cereals (wheat, barley, oats) was over 5,000,000 and is now under 4,000,000. We were a great horse country in those days and the biggest portion of the cereals was the land under oats; but the farmer's horses have gone and stock is now grazed and fed on synthetic cake. There is even a new cake made from the young grass.

Speed, our modern god, is now considered vital to the success of the farmer, and one has to realize that our changeable weather conditions limit the extent of his operations, and it is because of speed that he values this mechanism of his industry. Speed, speed, then, everywhere! So at last the craze has invaded our farms, our last stronghold of the old order. They even make things grow faster, in or out of season; it is all the same to them. They cannot, however, spoil our pleasure in the beauty of growing things.

The farmer now no longer plays a lone hand in a lonely life. He realizes that organization is strength, and in Norfolk there is an example of what may well be the future of the industry. There you will find four farmers who have combined resources and registered a company under the name of "County Farmers Limited." They are working on colonial lines; large fields without hedges to allow more room for complete mechanization.

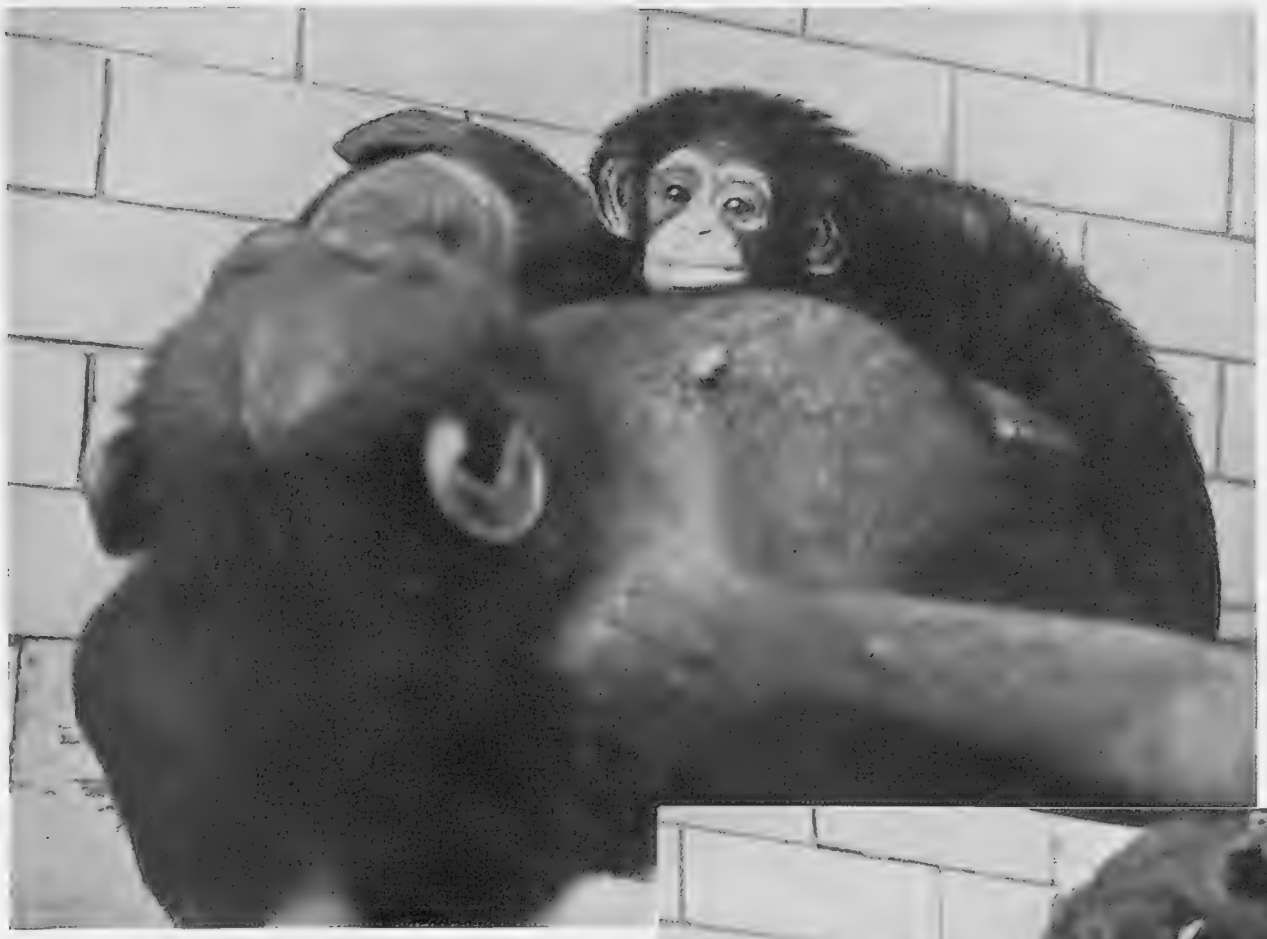
The farmer is now a business man, the ploughman a mechanic, and the stockman a food specialist. The mechanization of industries' most drastic advance is in the country, and there will be many who will deplore the passing of all that was typically England.

"REVOLUTION" IN FARMING: This "Gyrotiller" seen at work in Kent claims to be the most efficient and labour-saving plough that has yet been invented. The cost of running it is given as approximately 30s. an acre

FRUIT-GROWING OF THE FUTURE is being demonstrated at East Malling. This type of tractor with its exceptional ploughing power aims at replacing the horse-drawn plough entirely in years to come

THE ZOO's BABY

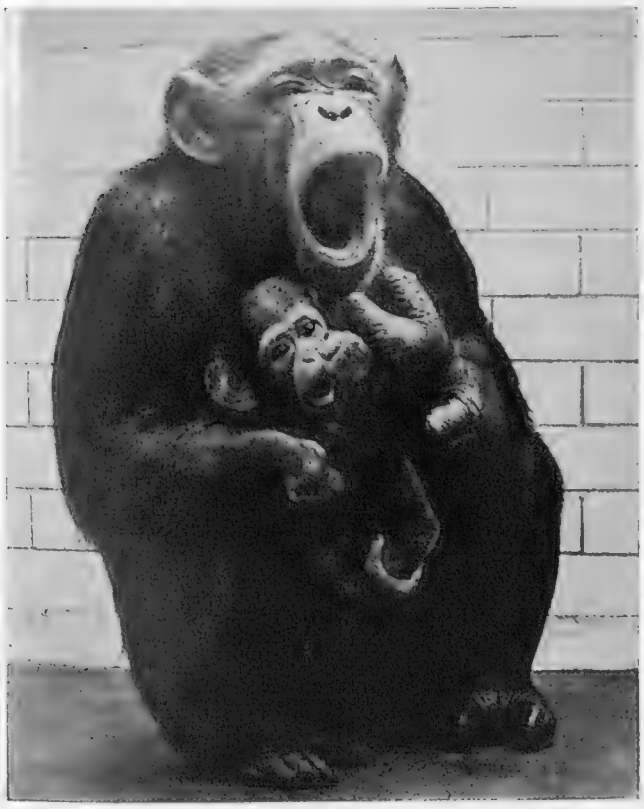
Studies of Boo-Boo's Daughter, the Little Chimpanzee, and of a Barbary Ape



On left—THE LITTLE BABY CHIMPANZEE rests her head on her mother's prone body. All is quiet, but soon the fun begins

BABY IS PICKED UP by the mother's hind legs and some maternal and infantile gambols begin

HERE IS BABY JUBILEE raised high in the air while Mama gazes proudly at the spectators



BUT SOMETIMES BOO-BOO is not in such cheerful mood. She finds the hours a little boring. Jubilee seems to have some little trouble with her mouth. She is the second chimpanzee to be born in a British zoo

BARBARY APES AT HOME: A mother and her baby at Blidah, in Algeria, where the ape shares the distinction of scavenger with the kite and pariah dog

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Showing him in Unpublished Pictures both During and After his Fighting Period in the East

AMONG THE THORNS: This portrait is reproduced from a photograph in the possession of the Imperial War Museum. It is preserved in the Colonel Lawrence collection

LAWRENCE IN WAZIRISTAN: "Just before his flight across India—an unpublished portrait." So reads the inscription on a photograph of Lawrence which has just reached us. It shows him looking very virile, the muscular arms show the wiry strength of the man

MABRAK EN NAKA: "The place where the camel knelt" is near Medain Saleh. The huge sandstone monoliths have been worn by the friction of sand carried by the fierce winds which blow in this region

THE ROCK MASSES OF GUWEIRA: Another example of the astonishing scenery of the Lawrence country. An alternation of desert flatness with sudden uprushes of rock. The photograph is preserved in the Lawrence Collection of the Imperial War Museum

CHANGE IN LAWRENCE'S DESERT LAND

A New Series of Pictures, the Result of a Recent Visit to the Land beyond the Jordan

THE ONE-TIME SHIP OF THE DESERT is becoming less and less employed now that cars and motor-bicycles are in general use among Europeans and higher-class Arabs alike

THE ANCIENT FORTRESS OF JAFFER built by the Bedouins on the eastern part of Transjordan with its contrasts of old historic walls and up-to-date wireless equipment

THE INEVITABLE PETROL CAN, symbolising the triumph of motor transport in Transjordan. The familiar scene of the camel at the well is becoming less common and threatens to disappear altogether in the districts closer to civilization

DESERT COOKERY: A Bedouin bakes his unleavened bread in the hot sand. His needs are modest and he lives frugally for many weeks on a few dried dates and some barley flour

ARAB CONSERVATIVES who cling to their old method of transport, and cross the rocky valley on camels. The scene for miles around is of reddish-yellow stone, which for a few days every year is subjected to a torrential rainfall

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

UNILATERAL PARKING: The system of parking cars on either side of the road according to the date has been adopted in Taunton, Somerset, with a fifteen-minute embargo!

THE 30 m.p.h. speed limit has now been in operation for three months. Apparently the Ministry of Transport consider that it is definitely responsible for having reduced the number of casualties on the road. At the same time we are also informed that pedestrian crossings have likewise been responsible for saving life and in due course no doubt we shall hear that the new driving test is similarly doing good work. Personally, I think it is far too early to commence weighing up the results of these new regulations and even if we do I cannot for the life of me see how anyone can say that any particular regulation is having beneficial results, but it would seem that the Ministry consider that all the regulations are doing exactly what was intended.

With regard to the 30 m.p.h. limit the position is still absolutely chaotic and generally ridiculous. Many places that I come across are still without their proper signs, and in other districts those that have been erected have been maliciously removed, but the local council apparently do not consider it their immediate duty to replace them. The Minister of Transport has undoubtedly done something to derestrict certain roads that were controlled in the general scramble to erect signs, which afterwards were discovered were not really built-up areas. What has been done is actually only a flea-bite of what, to my knowledge, is required, and I do not pretend to cover a terrific amount of the total mileage of roads in this country.

For instance, I still see that the Fairmile at Henley is a controlled road, and the state of affairs on the road from Cobham to Weybridge Station is so fantastic that a foreigner, or anyone who did not understand the strange working of a local council, would imagine that the control and de-control signs had been put into position by the most worthy member of the nearest lunatic asylum. As the driver leaves the Portsmouth Road at Pains Hill to drive to Weybridge Station or Brooklands Track he finds he is travelling along about a mile and a half of what is really quite a dangerous road, owing to its switchback contour, and besides that there are quite a number of houses on either side. True, in the majority of cases, these houses are set well back, but if this portion were controlled no one would grumble. As the driver proceeds, he arrives at a perfectly flat stretch about a mile in length and to his amazement he finds that he is instructed to travel at 30 m.p.h. On one side there is one small house, on the other there are about four very high-class residences set well back. The lamp-posts which obviously gave the local council their excuse to control this stretch were erected certainly not more than two months before the speed limit came into force. Proceeding onwards, a right-hand turn is taken and the driver is confronted with a de-control sign where he can go as fast as he likes, first past a row of about a dozen small villas, then past a sand-and-gravel pit, a complete terrace of about twenty houses and the busy entrance to the works of Vickers Aviation Limited. Having negotiated safely the road up to this point he finds that a 30 m.p.h. sign faces him as he approaches the first entrance to Brooklands Track. For a considerable distance past this there is no house or opening on either side of the road. Really I cannot imagine anything more stupid than this arrangement of signs. Where they are required they are not to be seen and where they are not wanted we have them.

During my travels on the road I find a much greater proportion of people in cars overtaking me in controlled sections and I must also confess that I, myself, find on many occasions that I am exceeding the limit, usually in places where the limit is not necessary. If the 30 m.p.h. limit is going to have any good effect these mistakes must be rectified quickly, otherwise motorists who started out with the genuine intention of giving the limit an absolutely fair trial will gradually disregard the signs and it would be very difficult to blame them for so doing.

The law or rather those who administer it are in far too many cases making asses of themselves. Take, for instance, the case of the lady at Tunbridge Wells who was conveying a patient in her car to a maternity home. The facts apparently showed that the case was an urgent one from a medical point of view and they were not disputed, yet the Magistrates convicted the good lady for exceeding the limit. Fortunately, the R.A.C. took up the case and lodged an appeal, which I am glad to say was successful. The endorsement of licences is likewise bearing very unfairly on the motoring community. Apparently there is no unity of action, with the result that we have cases of motorists who have driven for twenty or even thirty years without an accident, or without conviction, having their licences endorsed because they have travelled at 35 m.p.h. on a controlled road, and side-by-side with such cases there are others of hardened old sinners whose licences have scarcely any more room for endorsements, merely being fined £1 or so for doing 40 m.p.h. after passing a control sign. If any particular law of the land is not administered fairly throughout the country, then before long that law is held in disrepute, and is eventually amended or disregarded. Most of us can remember how much respect was meted out to the old 20 m.p.h. I venture to suggest, therefore, that unless the 30 m.p.h. limit, as far as its application and its administration are concerned, is not tidied up very rapidly it will be disregarded by the great majority of motorists, which is not what any of us want.

AT HIGH ONGAR, ESSEX: A de luxe Ford beside one of the many old country cottages to be seen in this beautiful part of the county

THE HIGH JUMP: A remarkable picture of F. R. G. Spikins in a Singer during the recent speed trial held by the Sporting Owner Drivers' Club at Windmill Lane, Southall, Middlesex

Every year when I make preparations to take delivery of a new car I usually find myself confronted with the question, shall I have bumpers fitted or not? As far as I can remember I have had more damage to wings when the car possessed bumpers than when I was bumperless. There is no doubt that fenders really are a good thing and should obviate the unpleasantness of having car wings dented, but at present the usefulness of fitting them is doubtful, merely because there is no guarantee that when fitted they will strike the bumpers on any other car that collides with mine in front or at the back. Let me exaggerate for the sake of clearness. If the fenders on my car are 3 ft. high from the ground, those on any other car will never strike them, but instead those on the other car will dent my wing, which might not happen if the other car were not fitted with them. The Institution of Automobile Engineers has done much useful work in assisting to standardise various parts of a car chassis. I would suggest to them that they could continue this good work by obtaining agreement from chassis manufacturers as to the most suitable height from the ground to fit fenders and thus bring in a long-wanted measure of standardisation.

The Automobile Association informs me that of all the traffic signals now in use in Great Britain 51.45 per cent. are of the original "Fixed time cycle" pattern, which operate without direct relation to the fluctuation of traffic. The type I mean are those which we so often meet in the course of our travels and find that when we are held up by a red light there is no sign of any traffic coming along the cross-roads to which the green light is shown. This percentage is far too high, but the A.A. points out that a year ago 75 per cent. of all installations were of this type. The local authorities should, therefore, be congratulated on making their conversions in such goodly numbers during the past twelve months. Apparently the greatest progress has been made in the south, whereas in the north, South Wales, parts of Scotland, and in thinly-populated Devon and Cornwall, only a slight change has taken place during the past year. It always appears to me a marvel that the traffic actuated signals are so reliable. The mechanism installed is comparatively complicated, and must be fairly delicate, yet only once can I ever remember being held up by a red light which had refused to change into any other colour. The makers of these traffic signals deserve congratulation for the reliability of their products.

The Duke of Gloucester recently visited the Ford works at Dagenham, Essex, and spent several hours exploring the vast works—one of the largest and most remarkable in Europe. Travelling by speed boat, the Duke, accompanied by the Comptroller of his Household, Major R. T. Stanyforth, M.V.O., M.C., arrived at the Ford Jetty about 12 noon when the executives of the company were introduced. Then followed a general tour in the latest V 8 cars—the works being so large that some miles have to be covered if more than a small section is to be seen. During his visit the Duke saw cars, commercial vehicles, and tractors being manufactured from the raw material stage to supply not only the great home market for Ford products, but also the demands of practically every country in the world.

A TOP-GEAR PERFORMANCE: Miss Marjorie Cottle, the International motor trials driver, seen prior to starting on a twelve-hour driving test through London traffic in top gear and without using the clutch

V-8 SALOON DE LUXE, DOUBLE-ENTRANCE, £240

THE NEW FORD V-8

"The Presents were Numerous and Costly," but one of them—not particularly numerous, anything but costly—was a New Ford V-8, the "Centre-Poise" New Riding-Comfort car, the gift of the bride's father.

No other present was so useful, so impressive, more thoroughly up to date, or—in relation to its 365-day-per-annum serviceability—so inexpensive. Her father, you see, was himself an owner of a New V-8! Completely Equipped Ford V-8's from £210. Nine Body-Styles. Six Colour-Schemes.

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THE LAND BEYOND THE TWEED

ARRIVING in Scotland, one's first feeling is satisfaction at having got to a foreign country without crossing the sea. That is the keynote of a Scottish holiday; it takes you abroad, at any rate in so far as the sensation of being abroad depends on a complete change from the atmosphere to which you are accustomed. Travelling by night from the south, one wakes up in the morning to the sound of familiar names like Perth and Stirling being pronounced by station porters as if each one had about half-a-dozen "r's" in it, and to all the excitement and novelty of a new landscape.

An Englishman is sometimes forgetful of the fact that there are some 250 miles between Gretna Green and John o' Groats. Yet those 250 miles are rich in the most lovely and varied scenery imaginable; from the deep green valleys of the lowlands to the lochs and pine forests and moorlands that stretch away far beyond Ben Nevis and the Caledonian Canal. And in the west there are the islands, the Hebrides, as romantic as their name, the last outposts of northern Europe, where the cries of the sea-birds and the beating of the Atlantic surf are the only sounds to break the silence of the centuries.

Then, too, there is Edinburgh, which has often, and not unjustly, been called the Athens of the North. Stand at the head of Princes Street and watch for a moment the pageant of its daily life. In a flash you perceive just what that quality of awareness is that distinguishes the capital from the provincial city. Nor is the historical background lacking. To the north of Princes Street are the squares and crescents of the eighteenth century, grey, dignified, and spacious, and vividly reminiscent of the pleasant period of culture and well-being that succeeded the city's earlier and more stormy history.

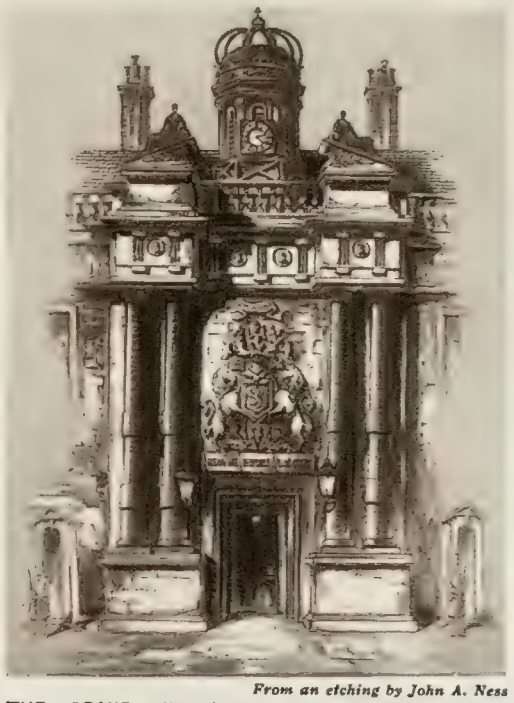
For evidence of those other times one must walk from the castle down "The Royal Mile" to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and here one becomes aware of a sense of brooding strength that seems to belong entirely to the dark past. Here is an entirely different Edinburgh from that of Princes Street—but equally important, equally real. Nowhere in Scotland is it possible to escape entirely from a consciousness of the past, and the violence of Scottish history seems yet to live in the grey walls of the castle, in the stillness of the gardens at Holyroodhouse, in the narrow courtyards and steep alleys that tempt one's footsteps farther and farther into the heart of the old town.

The castle itself, of course, has a more recent interest in that it is the site of one of the most magnificent and impressive war memorials ever designed. It must be seen both on this account and on account of the splendid views that can be obtained from its ramparts, with the gleam of the open sea visible beyond Leith, and nearer at hand the giant structure of the Forth Bridge, standing out against the background of the distant hills.

It is not to be expected, though, that people on holiday are going to be interested exclusively in seeing the life of a city—even of a city so splendid as Edinburgh. And fortunately the Scottish countryside is equally to be recommended, the only embarrassment being one of choice as far as individual districts are concerned. No excuse is needed, however, for mentioning first of all the Braemar district, something of the appearance of which is known to everybody who has ever seen a picture of Balmoral. But what no picture can ever convey—and no description either, for that matter—is the marvellous blend of colours that gives to the Highlands of Scotland a distinction that must be unique among the landscapes of the world.

Here, at the source of the River Dee, with pine-clad hills and the high heather-covered tracks of the Grampians stretching away as far as the eye can see, one is in the very heart of Scotland. The Cairngorms, "Blue Mountains," lie away to the north-west, and the highest of them, Ben MacDhui, is second only to Ben Nevis. The snow does not usually leave their peaks before mid-June, and there are some corries where it continues to lie from one year's end to another.

Farther north again is Inverness, the last big town on the east coast except for Wick, and best known to the modern traveller as being at the head of the Caledonian Canal. It is a day's journey from Inverness to Ballachulish by boat down the canal, and a day which in fine weather will remain in one's recollection among the most interesting one has ever spent. Loch Ness, as a place of beauty, can stand quite well on its own, without the supplementary assistance of a monster to give it interest. Of course, the really determined passenger may choose to keep his gaze glued to the surface of the water, but he will do well to spare an occasional glance at the shores of the loch, which are very picturesque. Indeed, the whole journey is picturesque, and perhaps its most notable feature is the fine view of Ben Nevis it affords; a mountain which, from the distance, at any rate, has not been deprived of its dignity even by the establishment of a track smooth enough to take a motor cycle up to the very summit.



From an etching by John A. Ness

THE GRAND ENTRANCE to Holyroodhouse, built to the order of Charles II in French style; this main portico is decorated with the Royal arms of Scotland with a sculptured crown above

Drawn by Percy Home

THE GREY WALLS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE seen from the Grass Market. It was down this south side of the rock that the little King James I was, according to tradition, lowered in a basket from his mother's window, and conveyed for safety to Stirling Castle

THE WESTERN COAST where water and mountain scenery rival the Norwegian fjords in beauty. Ardnamurchan Point and lighthouse, as seen from the bridge of the steamer

At Ballachulish, near the point where Loch Leven joins Loch Linnhe, you are close to the Pass of Glencoe, possibly the most famous and sombre name in the whole of Scottish history. It is wild and beautiful country—on a fine day so full of colour, so inviting, that it is not hard to forget the sinister associations of the name; but under a stormy sky, so grey and forbidding that the memory of the massacre seems to be lurking still among these unchanging rocks and peaks. A fine new motor road through the pass has recently been completed, making accessible some of the most typical and unspoilt scenery of the Western Highlands.

Oban, too, on the Argyllshire coast, is a good centre, and there again one finds a great variety of interesting motor drives to be taken to places like Loch Etive and Loch Awe. In addition, there are steamer excursions to some of the Hebridean islands: Mull, for instance, the nearest of them, is well worth a visit, and its little seaport of Tobermory, where a Spanish Armada galleon is said to lie sunk, possesses a charm that belongs only to this outlying part of the world.

Staffa and Iona are also worthy objectives—the one a fantastic experiment in natural architecture, with Fingal's Cave as its particular glory; the other, the seat of Celtic Christianity, the burial place of forty Scottish kings.

In August and September, Oban bay is crowded with steam yachts which have proceeded up there after Cowes. August in Scotland is also the month of most significance to sportsmen. But for those who have the end in view simply of a holiday, June and July, which offer you all the freshness of early summer, are also ideal months.

Finally, Scotland's facilities for golf are too numerous and too well-known to call for specific mention, and the visitor, wherever he goes, will not have far to seek for opportunities of playing the national game.

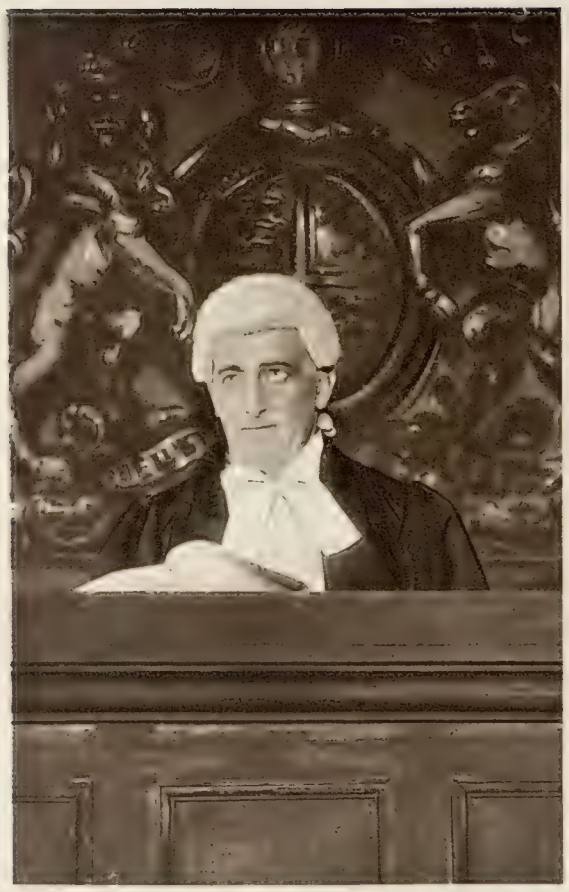
A. G.

On right.—LOCH KATRINE, whose still waters and fir-clad slopes are a perfect example of a peaceful inland Scottish loch

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



"NIGHT MUST FALL" the murder play at the Duchess in which the whole story is related in the Prologue by the Lord Chief Justice (Eric Stanley)

DRAMA OF THE WEEK

A Theatrical Press Agent on the Stage—"The Waltz King" Moves to the Ambassadors—"Carmen" and "Schwanda" at Covent Garden—The Gallant Seymour Hicks Honoured

By PHILIP PAGE

WHY should not dramatists write plays about dramatists? Mr. J. B. Priestley sees no reason why they should not and accordingly a dramatist is the central figure in *Duet in Floodlight*, produced at the Apollo (which, let me say at once, is hardly the right theatre for it).

But do not think that Mr. Priestley has dramatised himself. His hero is no pipe-smoking student of human nature and of the likes and dislikes of the public, but an apparently rather whiffle-headed person whose passion for publicity is in sharp contrast to the personality of the author—a modest violet, a "wee womerin' timorous beastie."

The stage-dramatist at least followed the advice of his press agent and married his leading lady, with whom he had been living for years in the state unto which it had pleased Sin to call him. The actress has a husband abroad, Mr. Priestley probably knows as much as I do about press agents, but I do not imagine the probability of a prosecution for bigamy would figure among the more attractive "stunts." However, the moment that "stunt" is launched, they squabble. The humorous irony lies in the fact that the relentless limelight demands that they shall be as ideally and as publicly happy as the Fairbanks-Pickford couple a decade ago. Interviews are granted and smiling, hand-clasped photographs are given in the Press, though Hecuba is nothing to him now, nor he to Hecuba.

A spot of divorce adds to the fun. For, though it wears thin at times, fun there is. This is not one of Mr. Priestley's best efforts and was probably intended as little more than a joke on a small scale. Moreover, it is a joke which concerns itself almost exclusively with "shop," the literary, theatrical, press-agent world which some of us know so well and in which the bulk of the public can hardly be expected to be interested. Played in a tiny theatre and in a breathless, vital manner. *Duet in Floodlight* would be improved and its defects would be less obvious. I enjoyed it, because second-best Priestley I still find pretty good.

Miss Madeleine Carroll looked divinely lovely as the dramatist's wife and her improvement as an actress is marked. But she does not seem to be equipped with the sense of irresponsible comedy so necessary for trifles such as this. Mr. Anthony Ireland, on the other hand, hit the bull's-eye, as did Mr. Geoffrey Edwards, who comes from Liverpool and repertory, as the press agent. A minute part was played to perfection by Miss Bettie Browning, who before long will be playing much larger ones.

"The Waltz King."—The Webber-Douglas Theatre production of *The Waltz King* was well worth its transference to the Ambassadors, and is another instance of Mr. Sydney Carroll's ability to spot a good thing.

I am relieved to find a Viennese-flavoured musical entertainment on tasteful and utterly unpretentious lines, for the last time I saw the Strauss family ("Blue Danube" Strauss, not "Rosenkavalier" Strauss) on the stage, those worthy musicians were buried beneath ballrooms of fantastic size, an orchestra which was rolled about the stage in a terrifying juggernaut car, and platoons of young men in military uniforms. *The Waltz King* has been devised by Miss Dora Bright, who not only is an adept at arranging Strauss waltzes for *virtuoso* pianists but composes excellent music on her own account.

Mr. Morgan Davies as the younger Strauss acted and sang well. Mr. Arnold Matters came over from Covent Garden, where he has been singing in Wagner, to appear as Brahms; I would like to know how that *volte face* appealed to the spirits of those two great composers, who disliked each other as heartily as great composers can. Miss Sybil Evers made a pleasant heroine, and Mr. Gavin Gordon, that most smiling damned villain of *Jolly Roger*, made the most of rather poor opportunities.

"Carmen."—Since Madame Conchita Supervia's Carmen at Covent Garden has been

AT A DANISH PARTY IN HOLLYWOOD given in honour of Princess Katherine of Greece. Carl Brisson, the host, with Miss Constance Collier

widely proclaimed as a dramatic triumph—a pronouncement with which I do not feel disposed to quarrel—I make no apology for referring to it in columns primarily devoted to matters theatrical. Madame is a clever actress, full of vivacity; she showed us a vital, wholly attractive Carmen, and she looked superb in a series of costumes which a girl could want for a lifetime in that tobacco factory in Seville without being able to pay for.

But vocally I would not put her among the great or even semi-great Carmens. Her voice, suitable for Rossini roulades, is not the voice for so essentially musical an opera as *Carmen* nor has it the power.

The new scenery was a plucky attempt. It is good to find conventional and rather moth-eaten stage settings at our ancient but noble opera house being scrapped, old friends though they have been. But I can see no justification for rolling a bedroom, *coram populo*, into the courtyard for the love-making of Carmen and Don José—a silly spectacle and for a moment a rather terrifying one. Also, my several visits to Seville have never taught me that that pleasant city was built on the side of a steep mountain. Nor is it. Dr. Otto Erhardt must think again.

"Schwanda."—Spectacular musical comedies in this country are, nineteen times out of twenty, so paralysingly inane and the music so conventionally insipid, that I marvel that our theatrical impresarios have not been tumbling over themselves to secure *Schwanda*. Drury Lane, I believe, was for some time unable to find an attraction for its large stage. And how did the enterprising Mr. C. B. Cochran come to miss *Schwanda* which was produced as long ago as 1927?

Last week there were a couple of first-rate performances at Covent Garden which, so the operatically unco' guid declare, is not the right place for it. Certainly this delicious work is not grand opera in the pompous sense, though it is less frivolous than *Il Barbiere* (and ten times funnier). But it is elaborately scored and must be the very devil to sing. None the less, I do not see that those two points form an insurmountable obstacle to its production in English in London for a regular run with, of course, some necessary modifications.

Sir Seymour Hicks.—"Bravo 'icks" was a famous theatrical catch-word of many generations ago. But it was very generally applied to the gay, graceful and—yes—great actor whom His Majesty honoured last week. No Jubilee honour was more popular than that which introduced to his wide public, Sir Seymour Hicks, and I doubt whether a theatrical knighthood has been more justly acclaimed as a right and proper recognition since the first of them all—that of Sir Henry Irving.

That Seymour Hicks is a supreme wit and of all companions the most desirable does not concern public affairs, remaining the joy of the many who are privileged to know him. What have been rewarded are his services to the British stage and the delight he has brought to millions in a period of over forty years in the theatre. I hear much of the versatility and even precocity of our young men of the theatre of to-day; good luck to them, though some of them are not so very young. But Seymour Hicks was a leading actor and a dramatist of note when he was scarcely out of his 'teens.

In light comedy his sublety can be compared only with that of Hawtrey. If he spent much, perhaps too much, of his time in the unsubtle spheres of musical comedy, his art always emerged unscathed. Of his tragedy we have seen far too little.

But it is to be hoped that more serious rôles will not lead him wholly to abandon those Gallic adaptations which he plays with such Gallic grace and wit. Not infrequently I have heard Seymour Hicks called "the Sacha Guitry of England," a well-meaning description, but to the discerning a slightly irritating one, for he is a better actor than Guitry. To term Sacha Guitry "the Seymour Hicks of France" would be a compliment more apt.

"GAY DECEIVERS," the new musical show at the Gaiety. Rich Aunt Isabel (Charlotte Greenwood) is confronted by Pat, her nephew's friend (Clifford Mollison)

THE SECOND JEWELS OF THE EMPIRE BALL held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Papworth Hill Settlement, at which a brilliant cavalcade of women representing different jewels passed along a dais before the guests. Among those on the platform are Lady Warrender, Lady Mountbatten, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny. The ball was one of the most successful functions of the present Season

COURT and SOCIETY

In Park Lane and at the Derby

£2,500,000 IN JEWELS at the Grosvenor House Ball. Guests included the Ranee of Sarawak and her daughter, Miss Valerie Brooke, seen on the left with Mr. Cyril Horrocks, and above are Lady Warrender and Mrs. Charles Hart-Davis

A PANORAMIC RECORD of the Royal spectators at the Derby. Standing (*from left to right*) are Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Duke of York, Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of York, the Queen, the Duke of Kent, the King and (*on the extreme right*) the Duke of Gloucester

Fashion Highlights for Royal Ascot

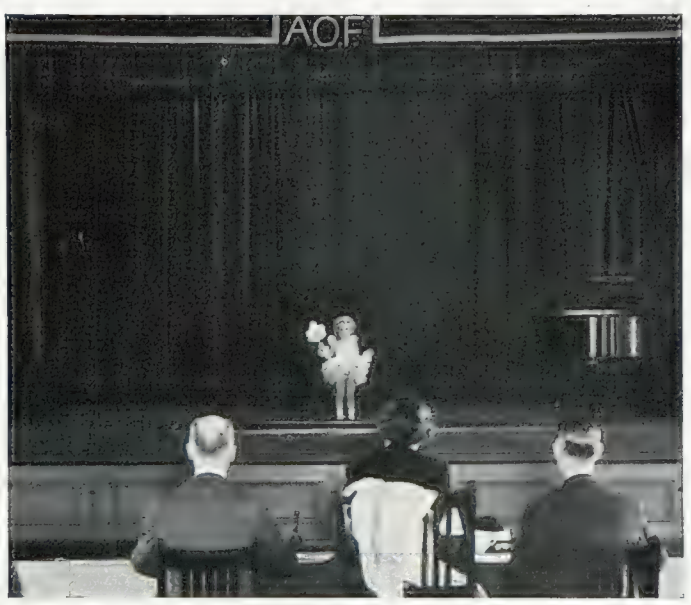
Natural leghorn is the leading straw this summer, and it is used for the decorative hat on the right. The shallow crown is of bright green velvet, the pansies are shaded in purple, mauve, and yellow, and the wide brim shows the new downward droop at the front and back. This model comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Victor Stiebel makes classically simple frocks for Ascot and for all outdoor functions. On the left below is a black crépon model with a brilliantly draped skirt which fastens just below the waist. This is a line to note. The loose coat is lined with a vivid print in fuchsia, blues, and greys, and this he uses for the blouse, which has a large jabot

With a wide sash and a slender moulded skirt the dress below on the right is another of Victor Stiebel's most successful models. In black crepe patterned with vivid yellow kingcups which have white leaves, it has cape sleeves on which are lightly sewn loose petals which flutter with every movement. The yellow collar is closely stitched

A LAST LOOK ROUND

GRACE MOORE, whose appearance at Covent Garden caused a complete furore among opera-goers and non-opera-goers alike, here seen with Borgioli in a scene from *La Bohème*



A THREE-YEAR-OLD PERFORMER at the Norwood Dancing Festival, Christine Wells, the youngest of 406 competitors

BACK FROM CHINA: Mrs. Edith Pawley, the six months' captive of Chinese bandits, whose adventures figured so prominently in the news of 1932. She has at last returned safely to England

GEORGE GROSSMITH: A hitherto unpublished snapshot, taken by Yoi Maraini in Venice, of the celebrated actor whose death was recently announced

THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR holding the Frank Hargreaves Cup which his team won in the polo match against Roehampton at the Seventh Annual British Empire Garden Party

WHIT-MONDAY AT BROOKLANDS where the motor races did not fail to provide the huge crowds with plentiful thrills. Above is C. Brackenbury, winner of the Gold Star handicap

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: Lady Gloria Vaughan, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Lisburne, leaving the church after her wedding a few days ago to Mr. Nigel Fisher

DENIZENS of the JUNGLE

(Continued from p. 485)

ahead of the hunter. They very quickly can rip the flesh from even a big tapir's bones. When fishing they will snap through the toughest steel hook. Swimming, no matter how much we'd enjoy it, is taboo.

So when man takes up his own weapons and goes off into the jungle looking for something sweet to eat, it's only turn about and jungle fair play. The jungle of British Guiana is full of curious life preying upon life. Every living thing has its public enemy. I have seen the cycle of combat in dramatic repetition, an amazing continuity of constant struggle. The ground black with army ants as they devoured a jaguar which had been caught helpless under a fallen tree; a giant ant-eater attacking an eight-foot ant-hill, ripping his great claws into the tunnel and feasting on the ants; an ant-eater lying dead from the bite of a snake; a giant jiburu stork killing a ten-foot viper, and a huntsman bringing down a wing-spread jiburu, spiraling majestically overhead, with a well-aimed puff of his slender poisoned arrow. Every victor has his biting flea. The struggle and fight for life go on and on, with each victor being killed by another foe.

That is the law of the Guiana jungle; war and death. I have often thought that a jungle animal would be better off in a Zoo! That, at least, was the lesson we learned from the various animals which, after a few days in captivity, became so attached to us, so eager to be near us and not free in the jungle that when we tried to shoo them off into their native bush they refused to go. Annabelle, my wife's little wild peccari; Jojo, her ringtail racoon; Go-go, the little howling baboon, who actually died of a broken heart when I went away from camp for a week; Jiby, the monster fledgling stork that followed my wife wherever she went; Mac, the hyacinth macaw; and Bill, the pelican, who flew along with us for 200 miles, begging the Indians to catch more and more fish for his ravenous beak. These animals and birds were happy with man. No matter how hungry man may be he'll starve a little longer before he will kill a pet!

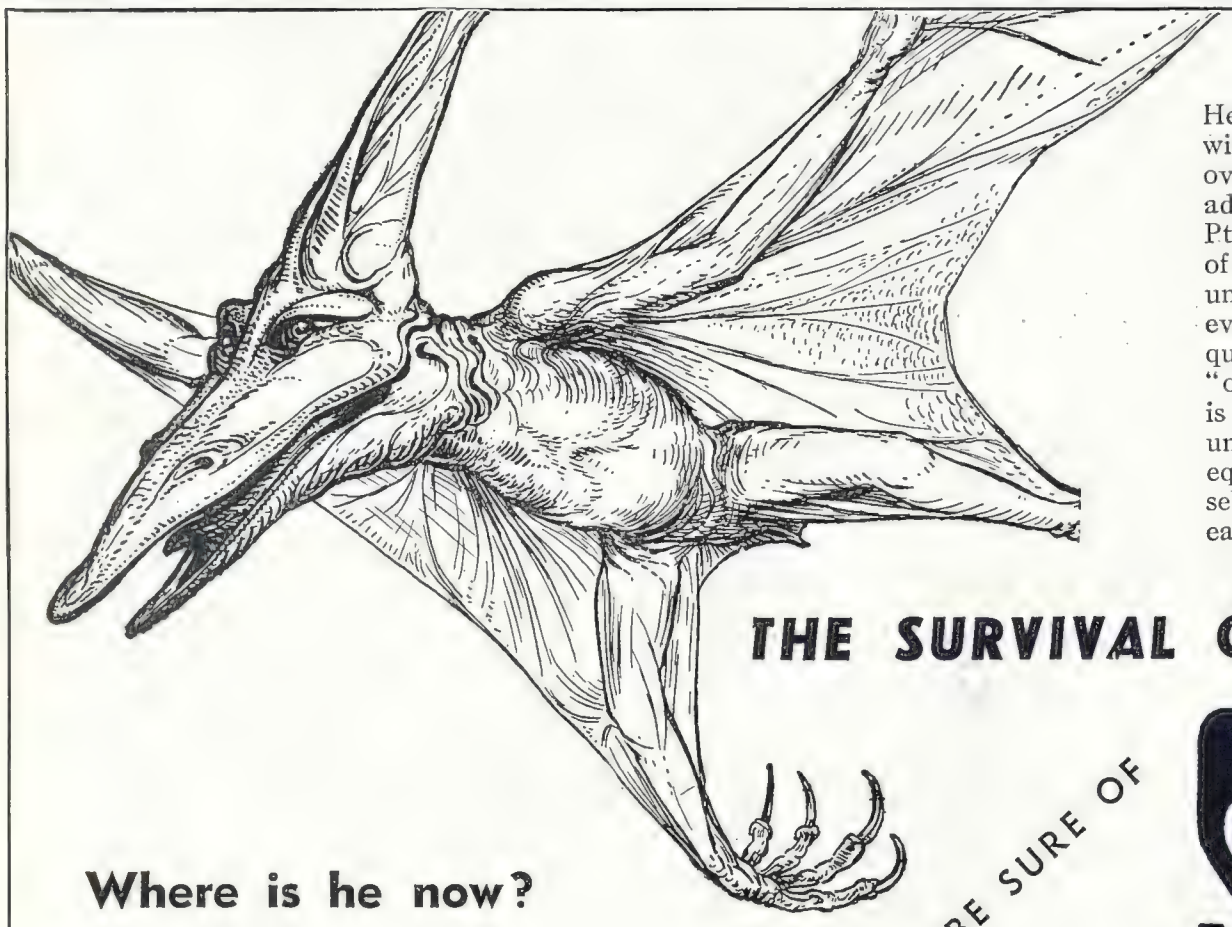
"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS" première dinner given by Gaumont-British, the producers of the film, to the author, John Buchan, now Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General designate of Canada. *Above from left to right*, Marquess of Donegall, Lucie Mannheim (one of the principals), Robert Donat (the hero), Mrs. Donat, and Mr. Edgar Granville

DIRECTOR OF THE FILM: Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, here seen with his wife at *The Thirty-Nine Steps* première dinner

SIR JOHN SIMON besieged by autograph hunters on his arrival at the New Gallery for the première of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent presided at the ninety-second Annual Meeting of the Society at the Queen's Hall on June 3, and presented the prizes sent by H.M. the Queen. In his speech His Royal Highness said that he was very pleased with the smartly-turned-out guard of honour that he inspected when he arrived at the Meeting. It, he said, was typical of the keenness and excellence that they always associated with the Shaftesbury Homes, and although their Society was established ninety-two years ago it had not remained stationary, and every year it continued to grow and change with the times. Donations towards this great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens, are urgently needed, and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



He could not or would not, keep pace with altering conditions, and was overtaken by more intelligent and adaptable contemporaries. The Pterodactyl is extinct. It is the law of the Survival of the Fittest. Shell, unlike that stubborn fowl, has adopted every possible means of improving its quality, in a determination to keep "one jump ahead" of its rivals. That is why Shell has kept its name unchanged and its reputation unequalled, and has been the "natural selection" of motorists since the earliest days.

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FRONTIER FRICTION

(Continued from p. 480)

Customs guards have lately been trebled. Yet preventive methods look a forlorn hope. And what a pity it would be to interfere with this charmed oasis which, among other things, can let all the international conferences and upsets go hang provided Holland remains neutral, which seems to have grown into a constitutional condition with the Dutch.

The enclave lives in clover. It is twice as cheap as encircling Holland. It looks lazily prosperous. If its leading lights do not get a powerful rake-off from allowing the islet to be used as distribution point of smuggled goods, then they are more dumb than they look. The tremendous disparity in currency and prices since the belga was devalued has whipped up the whole business of smuggling across from cheap Belgium into florin-ridden Holland. Baerle-Duc can essentially be used as a dump en route.

It is also charged that scions of "the gangster-mafia of smugglers, with operations stretching from Zeeland far down to Hainaut (Liége) and on into France" use the charmed spot as point d'appui.

Baerle-Duc was certainly useful to the Allies in the war, and one would not mind hazarding that consideration of this angle has not been without influencing matters in Brussels. To this day the natives turn on to the subject with gusto; and well they may. Allied nationals were perfectly safe in Baerle-Duc, though they could see the Germans just over there. It must have been a strange business.

Allied agents passing in and out of Belgium were wont to "lie up" at Baerle-Duc. The Germans knew all about it and never ceased complaining to the Dutch. German officers would mount telescopes and keep constant watch on what went on in Baerle-Duc. So near and yet so far. That Belgian flag flying! *Aber donnerwetter!*

There was even a project to have an Allied aerodrome at Baerle-Duc. Officially it was negatived on account of the marshy state of the ground, though one did hear it said that the real reason lay elsewhere, in the German threat to shoot the two miles over neutral Holland and blow Baerle sky high.

A NEW BRITISH OPERA by a twenty-one-year-old composer—*Iernin*, which will be produced shortly at the Lyceum by the New Opera Company. The opera is based on a Cornish legend

A MUCH-BOMBED ROCK

A Note upon the View of Guweira Given on p. 502 of this Issue

One of the illustrations given in this issue dealing with the late Lawrence of Arabia shows the rock mass of Guweira. During the Arab revolt it had some very lively experiences. Here is what Lawrence writes in *Revolt in the Desert*, the volume published by Jonathan Cape as a reduced version of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which itself is shortly to appear in a new and cheaper form:

"Next day, in the early heat, we were near Guweira, comfortably crossing the sanded plain of restful pink with its grey-green undergrowth, when there came a droning through the air. Quickly we drove the camels off the open road into the bush-speckled ground, where their irregular colouring would not be marked by the enemy airmen; for the loads of blasting gelatine, my favourite and most powerful explosive, and the many ammonal-filled shells of the Stokes' gun would be ill neighbours in a bombing raid. We waited there, soberly, in the saddle, while our camels grazed the little which was worth eating in the scrub, until the aeroplane had circled twice about the rock of Guweira in front of us, and planted three loud bombs.

"The aeroplane was the quaint regulator of public business in the Guweira camp. The Arabs, up as ever before dawn, waited for it; Mastur set a slave on the crag's peak to sound the first warning. When its constant hour drew near the Arabs would saunter, chatting in parade of carelessness, towards the rock. Arrived beneath it, each man climbed to the ledge he favoured. After Mastur would climb the bevy of his slaves, with his coffee on the brazier, and his carpet. In a shaded nook he and Auda would sit and talk till the little shiver of excitement tightened up and down the crowded ledges when first was heard the song of the engine over the pass of Shtar.

"Everyone pressed back against the wall and waited stilly while the enemy circled vainly above the strange spectacle of this crimson rock banded with thousands of gaily-dressed Arabs, nesting like ibises in every cranny of its face. The aeroplane dropped three bombs, or four bombs, or five bombs, according to the day of the week. Their bursts of dense smoke sat on the sage-green plain compactly like cream-puf , writhing for minutes in the windless air before they slowly spread and faded. Though we knew there was no menace in it, yet we could not but catch our breath when the sharp-growing cry of the f ing bombs came through the loud engine overhead."

AT "THE YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS" GOLF TOURNAMENT: Sir Herbert Grotrian, Bart, K.C., and Lady Grotrian, accompanied by Lord Moynihan, the famous surgeon

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By VERNON FANE

IT takes all sorts to make a jury. Quite a lot of sorts, in fact, in this enlightened and much enfranchised age.

As the title of Mr. Gerald Bullett's new novel indicates, **THE JURY** (Dent. 7s. 6d.) is about a jury. Nine good men and true, and three women, equally g. and t. Twelve characters, each with a story of his or her own; each, under Mr. Bullett's skilful hand, a living and very human being; each a type such as might be met with on any day round a London corner; the little shop-keeper; the retired major; shrinking little Lucy Prynne; Brackett, the sharp-faced auctioneer; the dainty and frugal Blanche Izeley; the conceited and irresolute Cyril Gaskin; the pompous Mr. Roger Coates; the quizzical Bonaker, and so on. Upon their decision a man was to hang, or go free.

Now the excellence of Mr. Bullett's novel lies in the skill with which each of these stories in diverse character is dovetailed into the main theme. That, in brief, is the domestic struggle between the selfish, predatory, yet far from unattractive Daphne Strood and the husband who falls in love elsewhere. Daphne was all for "freedom" and a generous "modern" outlook (she was even engaged in an incipient affair herself) until the test came. Thereupon she became the wronged and avenging wife; played, through a mutual friend, every trick she knew, but came to an untimely end by a mistake with a sleeping draught on the very night her husband was running away with his mistress.

Daphne and Roderick, the husband, are fine studies on a theme which the author contrives to invest with a new and original twist. Roderick displays all the obstinacy of a man determined upon what he thinks is fulfilment, and the indecisiveness of a husband reluctant to smash up what he once cherished. He was no match for Daphne, who, even in her unwitting death managed to put him on trial for his life. Circumstantially the evidence weighed horribly against Roderick. The jury—how well we know them individually by this time—had heard a strictly legal summing-up: a confessed adulterer; the motive was plain to see. I will not spoil the climax by giving it away.

Here is a full, rich, satisfying novel; not one, but more than a dozen stories of widely diversified types, each perfectly done, brought together by the thread of a drama of a determined woman and a bewildered man. I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be *the* novel of the year. No author better deserves a popular success than Mr. Bullett, who for too long has been known only to the discriminating.

IN MEMORY OF MARK TWAIN, WHO DIED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: Mr. Walter Russell, the New York sculptor, has presented the above memorial to the Mark Twain Museum at Hannibal, Missouri, where Samuel Clemens spent his early boyhood days. The museum was dedicated on April 25 by the author's daughter, Madame Clara Gabrilowitsch, the writer's only living child. Among the figures in the memorial group are many of the creations of the author, including Joan of Arc, Tom Sawyer, and Huckleberry Finn. An additional memorial will be devoted to the aid of the mental, moral, and physical uplift of American boyhood

Not since *The Caravaners* by the immortal "Elizabeth" have I read a book in which a pre-war Anglo-German marriage is so convincingly delineated as in Sir Philip Gibbs' **BLOOD RELATIONS** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.). There the semblance ends, for Sir Philip has a serious theme in hand, and the stress of his story is laid upon the German side.

Of a proud and ancient Bavarian family, Count Paul von Arnsberg finds plenty of things in undergraduate Oxford to shock and jolt his stiff nature. Nevertheless, he was human enough to fall in love, and his marriage with Audrey Middleton was a real love match, and their union the closer in the face of the disapproval of both families.

It was not too easy for Audrey, but suffering was really to come when the war broke out, and Paul went off to fight her kith and kin. Taken prisoner, confined at Donington Hall, Paul nevertheless contrives to escape—it is a tremendous ordeal for Audrey—and the war ends at last with their affection undiminished.

But post-war Germany is a difficult place for a proud and aristocratic family; for a sensitive Englishwoman, torn between loyalties to her blood, her home, loved ones, and her adopted country, it is well-nigh unbearable. And what of the problem of young Franky Bill, who sees only what the youth of Germany sees to-day? In spite of his English blood is it not natural that son and father should exult in a nationalism new-born with Hitler?

A very personal story, yet all the drama of the long-drawn-out agony of post-war Germany is in this book. Sir Philip Gibbs writes with authority and knowledge of his subject; none better than he could have laid the bias so fairly and impersonally, and at the same time have told it in terms of an absorbing story.

"I always think family parties are the best really," said an old lady in Mr. D. M. Low's new novel, and Mr. Low seems to agree with her, for **THIS SWEET WORK** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) has all the characteristics of a family party, that we know, and often dread.

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(Continued on p. 51)

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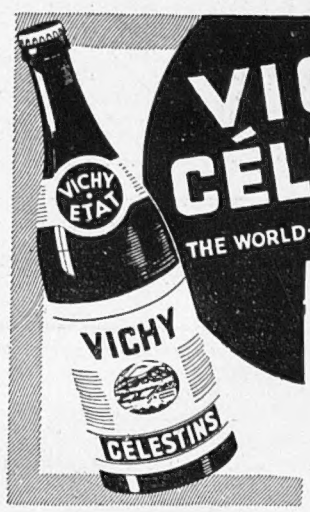

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from p. 516)

would be if one were looking forward to an evening spent with close relations.

Surprisingly, and this is a thing which often happens to one's social engagements, the evening that seemed so dull in one's expectations proves to be very diverting. That amusing friend of one's cousin turns up, and the whole affair takes a different complexion.

This is precisely what happens in Mr. Low's new book, and the result, after an uninspiring first chapter, is decidedly entertaining.

I suppose that Madame de Stael, Katherine Mansfield, Mrs. Oliphant, George Eliot, John Oliver Hobbes, and Jane Austen are as varied a group of women as one could imagine, but they had one great talent in common. They were all distinguished writers.

Miss Isabel Clarke has given us clear, informative biographical sketches of these famous women, in SIX PORTRAITS (Hutchinson. 18s.). As portraits they are thoughtfully executed studies, obviously well documented, and with none of the glamour that impressionism, pure and simple, might have given them. But they are interesting. I never knew, for instance, that Mrs. Oliphant had a passion for adopting children and worked very hard all her life to support the seven boys and girls that she had acquired.

I never knew either, how fat Madame de Stael was, *la belle Germaine*, or that John Oliver Hobbes voted much of Wagner's music "a bore." Of Jane Austen, a relation said that she was "scarcely sufficiently regardful of the fashionable or the becoming." This is rather a disappointment for all the admirers of the divine Jane, amongst whom I count myself, and I was relieved to read further on that she had been a great success at a ball at Manydown, and that she announced with her usual spirit that she hated tiny parties. "They force one into constant exertion." How right that delicious girl always was.

I suppose that if one's mother were one of the most notorious murderesses of the century, even reaching the standard of Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors, one would be a little inclined to feel different from the other children with whom one played.

The heroine of LINDA (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.) was in just this position, and it was only her dark red hair and the sweetness of her disposition which finally won her the happiness to which she was, of course, entitled. Miss Netta Syrett has written a very readable novel on this theme, and it has the great advantage, in my eyes, of having a full-blooded, well-contrived story, and of not following the usual psychology-and-water trend of the novel of to-day.

Another novel with a very definite plot is JONLYS THE WITCH (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), in which Princess Paul Troubetzkoy tells a story of Elizabethan days with the thriving little port of Sandwich as its background. It was in those days that Jonlys, another lovely redhead by the way, foretold the doom of Sandwich, and warned its inhabitants that the sea would withdraw from it, and that the business of the town would perish, and the livelihoods of the townspeople with it.

Golf, one supposes, was then unknown.

Unlike many period novels in which the historical surroundings have been carefully reconstructed, there is

AN AUTHOR ON TOUR IN SCOTLAND: Mr. Walter Wilkinson trekking through an open valley during his journeyings in the north. The volume which has resulted is entitled *Puppets in Scotland* and has just been published by Geoffrey Bles

no feeling of strained effects in Princess Troubetzkoy's story, and the author, who appears to have a profound knowledge of the Elizabethan era, writes with simplicity and charm.

THE ROYALISTS (Secker. 7s. 6d.) is an historical novel of the Vendée from 1789, and if it is remarkable it is because it was written by a German, Herr Karl Federn, and because one does not usually associate dashing historical novels with German letters. This book, which is competent, accurate, thorough, and well constructed is yet, or perhaps because of these qualities, no rival of the Scarlet Pimpernel or the creations of the late M. Dumas.

The story is a good one, as any story of that extraordinary time must be, and the author has a real talent for reconstructing the France of that period. But having reconstructed it, exact to its least details like a small "working model," he fails to give it any breath or illusion of life. It is ingenious, it is interesting, but it is most definitely not exciting.

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Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

G., Norfolk (Switzerland). — You would find it cheaper to travel to Switzerland by car, as the return 2nd class fare from London to Montreux, for your family of five, travelling on a special family ticket, would be about £34, and this does not include the cost of sleeping berths or meals *en route*. The return journey from Doverto Basle by car could be made for about £25, exclusive, of course, of the cost of petrol and oil. This sum would include £13 19s. for transporting the car and five passengers both ways across the Channel on the autocarrier, £2 10s. for the international driving licence and triptyque, and £6 5s., for one night's accommodation *en route* each way to Basle, leaving £2 6s. for incidentals. The two nights' accommodation could only be had for £6 5s. provided you stay at Autocheque class "C" hotels, which are of the small and simple type. There for 12s. 6d. per head you would get dinner, bed, breakfast, and garaging.

D., Staffs. (Saunton Sands).—Saunton Sands, in North Devon, which has a bracing climate, is famous for its vast expanse of sands which are ideal for children and adults alike. There are two first-class golf courses, and interesting excursions can be made to various places in Devonshire and Somersetshire. The Saunton Sands Hotel was opened only recently, and as it is a first-class hotel will no doubt attract a high class of visitor to this little resort.

H., London (Scotland).—Oban is one of the best centres from which to explore the Western Highlands, both by steamer and by road, some of the most interesting being to Staffa, Iona, Mull, Inverness, Loch Sunart, Fort William by steamer, and to Glencoe, Ballachulish, Loch Awe, Inverary, and Loch Lomond by motor coach. You would like the Station Hotel in Oban.

B., Salop (Teignmouth).—We think you would like Teignmouth, which has a south-easterly aspect on the Devonshire coast. The other resorts you mention are hardly suited to your requirements. The Royal Hotel in Teignmouth is good and could cater to your particular needs.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

T., Staffs. (Sweden and Norway).—Ystads Saltsjobaden is a delightful resort on the Baltic coast of Scania. It has a good sandy beach, a golf course, and tennis courts. There are many beautiful old castles and mansions in Scania which can be visited, including several in the vicinity of Ystads Saltsjobaden. The return 1st class fare by the United Shipping Company from Harwich to Malmo is £9 5s., though this does not include the cost of meals on the boat. You would leave Harwich at 6 p.m., arriving in Copenhagen late the following evening. After spending the night in the latter town you would make the short channel crossing to Malmo from where it is but an hour-and-a-half's train journey to Ystads Saltsjobaden. Inexpensive conducted tours to Norway are run by the Fred Olsen Line, full particulars of which can be obtained from the Norwegian Travel Bureau, 21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. These tours cost £22 10s. for a twenty days' tour of Norway (including the journeys to Norway and back), with a supplement of 15s. for single rooms.

N., London (Llandrindod Wells).—This beautiful Welsh Spa is becoming increasingly popular, both as a holiday centre and as a place in which to take a complete rest. About 7,000 ft. above sea-level, it lies on the western slope of Radnor Forest, with a dry and bracing climate. Good trout and salmon fishing can be had in the neighbourhood, and there is also a golf course. We can recommend the Pump House Hotel there, which is exceedingly comfortable, and as you require quiet and a central position would meet your requirements, as it lies in its own beautiful grounds within a few minutes' walk of the town.

H., Yorks. (Holland).—We suggest you take a week-end ticket to Holland, in which case you will not require a passport. This would give you four full days in the country, crossing from Harwich to Flushing on Friday, arriving in Amsterdam the same evening, and returning on Tuesday night via the Hook of Holland, arriving in Harwich on Wednesday morning. The fare would be £4 9s. 8d. which comprises first class travel on the boat and second class in Holland. Period excursion tickets are only issued for a minimum stay of eight days in Holland, in which case you would require a passport. In Amsterdam you should see the Rijksmuseum, the old Jewish quarter, and explore the canals, preferably by boat. Sunday morning should be devoted to a visit to the picturesque fishing village of Volendam. In The Hague you should see the Mauritshuis picture gallery, and make the excursions to Delft, Haarlem and the Dutch seaside resort of Scheveningen.

N., Lancs. (Sussex).—If you do not wish to stay in a large resort but require all facilities for entertainment and sports, we suggest you visit the Tudor Close Hotel at Rottingdean, which is within ten minutes' drive of Brighton. This is a most delightful old hotel, though equipped with all modern conveniences. Sussex is very pretty country and offers much scope for motoring excursions.

McF., Ireland (Germany). It is not possible to make the journey from Hamburg to Dresden up the Elbe by steamer. The river between these two towns is not particularly interesting, and cannot compare with the Rhine valley for scenic interest. Local excursions are run from Hamburg to the nearby holiday resort of Blankenese; from Magdeburg to Dessau and Tangermunde; and from Dresden to Meissen and Muhlberg downstream; and upstream to Bad Schandau and over the Bohemian border to Aussig and Leitmeritz, the latter being a most delightful excursion. Dresden is a good centre from which to explore the beauties of the Erzgebirge mountains.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique.—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Castille.—37, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Ev. comf., priv. gdn., Amer. bar. Rm. fr. Frs. 25. Pens. fr. Frs. 50.

Antibes (A.M.).—Gd. Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All Water Sports. Apply for booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr. dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

Bühlerhöhe, Black Forest.—800 m. (2,600ft.) nr. Baden-Baden. **Kurhaus & Sanatorium.** All cures, diets, rest cures, sports. Pen. fr. M. 11

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft., Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM 8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left. exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost-Hotel.—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Conn. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st-cl. in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water, Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue.—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—**Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1,000 beds. Full pension rates from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel, 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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